OUR GRAND
SEED
OFFER!
See Fifth Page.

TOLEDO BLADE

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COUPON No. 22

This Coupon, returned to us with 10 cents is good for Part 22 of "The Man of Galilee." Write your name and address plainly. Address "Premium Department," The Blade, Toledo, O.

Poetry.

THE NIGHT-HAWK.

This hawk is no bird of plumage gay,
Through empty streets he wings his way;
He starts his flight in the heel of the day,
But he manages somehow to make it pay
By the time the sky is getting gray,
At seven o'clock in the morning.

The traveling man is a source of gain,
When he strikes the town by the very last train,
With a sample case and umbrella and cane,
And a big gripsack in a pouring rain,
And looks for a street-car all in vain,
At what o'clock in the morning?

The newspaper man is his trusted friend,
On a regular job or a pay-day bend,
Keen joy to the heart of the hawk he'll send,
And the paper's cash he will freely spend;
But to save his own on foot he'll wend,
T'ward home in the early morning.

A paralyzed jag is his delight
To shove in his cab with main and might;
When the door and the passenger both are tight
He will drive him around till broad daylight,
But his jaglets pays by the hour all night,
Till late in the penitent morning.

At sunrise he doffs his blanket and coats,
And stops his steed and mentally votes
As to whether the wreck gets a ration of oats,
Or himself gets full as a pair of goats,
And stays that way till the copper ropes
Him in on the following morning.
—Puck.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you send word—
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.
You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know; yet the tree shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil.
You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DREAMS.

And what are dreams? Nothing to have or hold,
A strange transmission from the body of the soul,
To unknown spheres—to lands that we have trod
The same soul travels that will journey home to God.

For that last sleep in all is but a dream.
We fall asleep, to wake and find a stream
Is crossed, the river they call life,
But we know only of as death, the end of strife.

For such is death, but life a dream in whole,
Only the life at last is transmitted with the soul
Into that dream, more glorious than ere the midnight nod,
The dream called death is living, and the journey is to God.
—Gladys Dudley Hamilton.

Our Storiette.

VENGEANCE!

"She is not pretty," said the chorus of girls.

"She is not pretty, but she is striking and fascinating," said one or two who were more discerning.

Hester Pugh had a tolerably clear idea of what would be said about her when her back was turned. To all such things she was very indifferent. She had been a strange child, passionate and reserved, and she had become in some ways a strange woman. She had had one great love in her life—the love for her half brother. The stalwart lad who had carried the serious-eyed little girl around on his shoulder had taken captive all the strings of her small heart. Lester Sheldon had died a year or two before, and by her friends it was felt that Hester Pugh had never fully recovered from her loss. She was not among friends here. The big house where she had come to spend a few weeks was full of strangers.

When she had removed the dust of travel and gone down stairs again in a thin black dress open a little at her firm round throat, she found the young ladies chattering of other things.

"Oh, he's a Don Juan," cried one pale girl.

"Roland Carter a Don Juan! Why do you say that?" querried another.

"Dear me, Yes! He has that reputation," quoth a third.

"Roland Carter, did you say?" asked the newcomer.

"Yes. Do you know him, Miss Pugh? He is here, stopping in the hotel."

"I should like to meet him," said Miss Pugh, looking out at the smooth lawn, over which the declining sun was throwing long, placid shadows.

"Oh," laughed the chorus, "some one is sure to introduce him to you."

Some one did that same evening.

When Hester Pugh mounted once more to her room she turned on all the gas burners and approached the mirror. She stood there, motionless, a long time. She loosened the heavy-braided coil of brown hair and tossed up the glossy masses in another way. • • • "I wonder if I can do it?" she muttered at last. "I wonder if I can do it?"

Before extinguishing the lamps she pored long over the contents of her trunks. She, whose dress was usually of an almost defiant simplicity, regretted that she had not ordered more things before coming along, and carefully laid out, for the next morning, a gown of white, which she had almost quarreled with her dressmaker for sending her.

In the coure of the following forenoon she was swinging lazily in a hammock at the far end of the shady piazza when Roland Carter came toward her. She saw him come but her sleepy lids never moved.

"I believe there is a ride on the tapis, Miss Pugh. It is a rather cool morning. Do you feel inclined to try a canter?"

She half-dropped the book from her hand and her indolent gaze swept indifferently across his face and then hung on the bit of blue sky above the pines of the lawn. She did not change her attitude.

"No," nonchalantly, "I do not care about it."

He stood there, looking at her a moment, she, meantime, still looking up at the sky.

"Make a row instead of a ride," he suggested.

"Thanks; I detest rowboats." Her eyes dropped lazily to him, as though she had really seen him for the first time. He was not more than of the medium height of men, dressed with a careless faultlessness from throat to foot. His head and face had something of the chiseled, finished Greek. He had the large neck of men of strong passions. As he returned her leisurely gaze, a secret light came into his red-brown eyes, he walked away with twitching lips.

"She's a clever one. She wants to show me what it is to have a woman as supremely indifferent as though you were a hunchbacked coal heaver. But a woman who is capable of carrying out a plan of action so deftly counts as out of the common. A flirtation with her might afford a few sensations more thrilling than the usual monotonous routine of such affairs.

Meantime could Roland Charter have looked back he could have seen something which would, perhaps, have caused him to think this stranger out of the common run of women, indeed. She was leaning on her elbow and staring after him with a curious narrowing of the lids. Here was a striking change from the nonchalance of a moment ago. The hand that held the side of the hammock was drawn together with a steel-like grip. Looking at that easy, carelessly-retreating figure, in relief against the calm luminousness of this fair summer day, Hester Pugh had a mental vision of far other things. She saw Lester Shelton's radiant face, the exquisite, peach-like beauty of Lester Shelton's young wife, a tempter, who had the sensuous Greek head and red-brown, cynical eyes of the man over there, had crept into that paradise. A gay morning there had been, very different from this one, when she—the sister who adored him—had seen the husband's face, changed past recognition, and half learned, half divined the truth. She had thrown herself upon him, passionately asking him what he would do, tremblingly urging him to forbear, even though as she uttered the words, she knew them useless. Twenty-four hours later Lester Shelton had met his foe face to face, he who had fallen had not been the guilty one, but the innocent. No blame could attach to Roland Charter. A chance interest, a dull-witted, impartial laboring man who had seen him attacked on the empty highway near Lester Shelton's house, had testified that the younger and shorter man only defended himself; in striking out sought to avert the blow of the other. If Lester Shelton's foot slipped; if he fell heavily with the back of his head against a pile of hugs stones left on the sidewalk, Roland Charter had no guilt in the matter. And Roland Charter felt none. Felt no guilt, either, in the untimely death of the young widow of Lester Shelton a few weeks afterward. Why should he? The shock, the excitement, the grief—these were causes enough to bring on the brain fever, which proved fatal. She had been a slight creature in any case, with nothing but that butterfly beauty.

All that had been two years before. And now Roland Charter walked with a low whistle indolently across the sunny lawn, forgetful of all tragedies, ignorant of the fact that Lester Shelton had ever had a half-sister, much more that the girl he had just left in the hammock was she.

Meantime the thought that had taken possession of Hester Pugh the night before, was clamoring insistently in her brain. Why, why, she asked herself, as she looked after the man with straining eyes, could not this plan she had conceived succeed? She was not plain; she had been told that she could be beautiful almost, if she would give herself a chance. Well, she would give herself a chance now.

The father of a family seeing her pass a little later, her eyes dark and bright, a deep color on her face, said to his wife:

"Did you not say this Miss Pugh was not pretty? Why, she is superb."

After all it took less time and less subtlety than she had thought. Roland Charter had begun by being attracted to her because he imagined that he saw in her a very spirited confederate for a possible flirtation. By degrees her extreme cleverness in this game, in which he was an expert, impressed him, called forth his admiration, and finally annoyed him. She was too sure of herself; she was too imperturbable. But, beyond all else, there was something elusive, baffling in her which piqued and at last held him. She was not an easy fish to bait or land. For weeks Hester Pugh deployed every art.

Suddenly one sultry evening he seized both her wrists almost roughly.

"Look here, you have coquetted with me enough. Of course I see through you."

"Ah!" She raised her eyes slowly and dropped them. "You see through me?"

"You think I have a reputation for being an expert at this trade. You don't want to be taken in by me. Well, I have been taken in by you. I've gotten hopelessly into your net. If you don't care for me you must learn to. I want you. I want you for my wife."

"Don't push the joke too far."

"Joke! The joke's at an end. It's serious, now. I love you; do you hear?"

He relinquished her wrists and caught her in his arms. The passion of his face told the truth.

Her heart beat to suffocation. She closed her eyes that he might not see the triumph in them. She had won! She had won!

This was in August. Roland said that they ought to be married in October. Hester did not put in the usual protests. This absence of the habitual flutterings of girlhood in these conditions still more tightened her hold on his imagination. He was a man who abhorred the common place.

It was to be a church wedding. The bride was to be given away by a distant relative, she had no nearer family ties, she had said to Roland in the rare times in which her past or her private life had been talked of between them. Roland cared nothing for these things. He knew that she was an orphan and that her guardian had been a half-brother, now dead. But details did not interest him. They never interested him. He took life in large draughts, on broad lines, and he wanted her—her person, herself. Whatever connections by blood she had or might have had, were irrelevant and indifferent.

There was no doubt that the hour had come. The sting of this passion had gone deep enough with him to be a retribution for much suffering in kind that he had caused others. Some of these women—who could never forget him—were in the church now.

There was the usual nervous atmosphere of expectancy. The organ filled the golden gloom of the sacred edifice with subdued waves of sound. Was not the bridal party late? Oh, of course. But when was a bridal party not late? More pealing forth of the organ; then a subdued murmur of conversation. How do these things propagate themselves through the air? It began to be known that the groom was waiting—waiting. The ushers moved about nervously. Where was the bride?

Another half hour. The clergyman was in waiting. Where was the bride? Ay, where was the bride?

At home, regal in all the purity of her white robes, waiting too—waiting till the crowd assembled in the church be dismissed, till the man whose wife she ought to have been ere now should come to seek her out and know from her own lips the cause of the delay.

There was a step now. She turned—he came toward her—pale, with questioning eyes.

And then she gave a little laugh and spoke:

"You waited for your bride, Mr. Charter? Pity she should have been the sister of Lester Shelton! You start! Ah, you think me mad? Not at all. I am sane enough. Sane enough to have gulled you, duped you, brought you to book at last. Who could have a better vengeance? You have broken up more than one home, sent more than one man to his account, perhaps, with hell in his soul, like my brother. I loved him; I worshiped him; he was the whole world to me! Well, I think I have avenged him in some measure!"

She raised her hand and tore the long cloud-like veil, the little coronet of orange flowers, from her head.

"Have you been fooled openly, publicly, enough? Ah, yes; I think so."

He still stood looking at her, motionless, turned to stone.

Suddenly a curious pallor began to spread over her face, sweeping it from brow to chin. She pointed to the door.

"Go!" she said, in a voice almost extinct—and then—she did not know when it was that she had gone—she found herself alone.

She looked down blindly at the shimmering folds of her white dress, at the deep mass of tulle at her feet. She threw up her hands and pressed them, wildly interlaced, against her eyes.

"God!—God!" she muttered, "I loved him! Base, worthless as he is, I had learned to love him! Ah, Lester, brother! I have avenged you—but with my heart's blood."

CULLOM FORGOT THE NAME.

Unable to Recall Who it Was He Recommended for Office.

A few days ago Senator Cullom called on Secretary Carlisle.

"I have come," he said, "to say something in behalf of a gentleman who desires to be appointed collector of customs at Chicago. He is a Democrat, of course, but a very worthy gentleman."

"What is his name?" inquired Secretary Carlisle.

"Ah—yes—hem," said Cullom, diving into his clothes for a memorandum evidently mislaid. "Ah—yes—hem—he is a good Democrat."

"But what is his name?" persisted the Secretary.

"Ah, yes," replied the Senator, hemming and hawing again. "Really I had it, but I have lost it. Anyway, he wanted me to call and see you and I have discharged that duty."

And so Senator Cullom bowed himself out, according to the Washington Post.

A Modern Wonder.

"That's a very ordinary looking person," said the visitor in the dime museum.

"That, sir," said the museum manager with impressive dignity, "that's the girl who knows as much about a cooking stove as she does about a piano."—Chicago Record.

EVER POPULAR TEA GOWNS.

Possibilities From a Breakfast Jacket to a Fascinating Costume.

The tea gown and neglige garments of every kind and condition are ever in the ascendant of fashionable dress, for there is an element of comfort and repose lurking within their graceful folds which other gowns do not possess. There are wonderful possibilities, too, between a simple breakfast jacket and a fascinating tea gown, which has such an air of elegant ease and fits so satisfactorily into a variety of places. Any material which is soft and clinging, from nun's veiling to gorgeous brocaded silk, is acceptable for this style of dress, and if you have a slim figure and a gracefully turned neck, it is well to cut your gown slightly decollete and trim the edge with a fall of lace.

A very dainty and serviceable gown can be made like the illustration, of pale gray crepe de chine or crepon,

with a full front of cream-white silk, and dainty lace on the collar and sleeves. Pale yellow, pink or mauve may be substituted for the white with great success. Black surah and brocaded satin make pretty gowns of this particular description, and colored crepe de chine or cream lace may be used for the front. The back, cut princess shape, maye have the Watteau pleat or not, as you desire. Peach-colored crepon, made with a simple full waist, cut square in the neck and a full skirt, tied in at the waist with maize-colored ribbon, and trimmed around the neck with gold passementerie is a very pretty gown for a young lady.

Elbow sleeves belong with this variety of gown. Summer tea gowns of batiste and figured muslins are the most charming of all, when vast quantities of dainty lace are used for trimming. Foulards, China silks and silk crepes are also pretty for this purpose and may be trimmed much or little, as your purse will admit. Foulards may be made up simply with a full waist united to a full skirt gored enough to give it the fashionable spread at the bottom by a beading of lace through which ribbon is run. It may be trimmed around the neck and down the front with a frill of lace. A dainty trimming is made by lace applique on chiffon, crepe, or batiste frills, and satin ribbon used for bracea sash and bows is always pretty and inexpensive.

Tea jackets are a very popular fancy, and, like gowns, they are made in every possible degree of elegance. Liberty satins, moire silks and velvets are often employed and all the soft crepes and silks as well. A jacket of gray satin brocaded with pink carnations opens in front over a pale pink crepe de chine vest and gray satin ribbons and Venetian lace form the trimming.

The unique model shown is of satin fitted in like a shirt jacket with no seems in the middle of the back, and has a front and full basque of accordion-plated spotted net. An under lining holds the front in place and a band of satin ribbon with rosettes at either end confines the fullness. Chiffon, crepe de chine or any soft, thin silk may be substituted for the net. This is good style for the use of remnants.

A pretty model for a white neglige gown is carried out in white cashmere, cut princess shape in the back, with tiny pleats meeting in the center of the waist. The front of the waist is draped from under the arm and shoulder seams to the bust, where a knot of white satin ribbon finishes it and opens with the skirt over a white satin

front banded across at intervals with lace insertion. A lace frill extends down either side and over the shoulders.

A dainty neglige sacque is made of glycine-colored surah, edged around the bottom with white guipure. The flat collar with square ends and the puffed sleeves are of cream-spotted surah, trimmed with guipure lace. If warmth is required nun's veiling is used for a lining, says the New York Sun.

Had Lost His Mind.

The doctor put up his watch.

"The crisis is past," he said, "and Col. Bourbon is spared yet for many years to old Kentucky. I have now but one fear. The dreadful fever he has had may leave him his health, but rob him of his reason."

With a nod, he stepped noiselessly from the room. The friends of the sick man sat silent, hardly knowing as yet whether they should rejoice. Suddenly the sufferer stirred.

"Water! water!" he gasped. The watchers started.

"His mind wanders," they said. Their worst fears were confirmed.

"Better death!" they murmured, and wept like women.—New York World.

Old English.

First She—How ridiculous men are! Here he has written me a letter comparing my eyes to stars, my teeth to pearls, and swearing that the sun retires abashed from the brightness of my presence.

Second She—I don't call that foolish. I think it pretty smart of him—giving you the kind of love talk that was in vogue when you were a girl.—Indianapolis Journal.

Heresy.

Crosse—I hear that Mrs. Frye's great cook book, "Art in the Cuisine," has not been a success in her native town, Boston.

Blackwell—Yes; she says it is not absolutely necessary to serve brown bread with baked beans.—Puck.

A Vindication.

Stacy—I suppose some of your lady typewriters are very rapid, aren't they?

Macey—Oh, typewriters are not nearly as fast as foolish people have been led to believe.—New York World.

FIVE-FINGERED JAPAN ORANGES.

They Bear a Remarkably Close Resemblance to the Human Hand.

The five-fingered orange is a queer thing, according to the San Francisco Chronicle. It grows exactly in the shape of a human hand, with a thumb and four fingers. It is a half-open hand, that of this curious fruit, and the close resemblance to a lean, long-nailed Chinese hand is startling. Even the nails are identical, hard-pointed, and claw-like, tipping the orange fingers with a length equal in some cases to three inches. It is no interloper in a well-regulated family of oranges, but a regular member, belonging to the osage variety. It has a family name and a Christian name of its own, but its pet name is "five fingered orange," and nobody but the botanist cares to call it by the long one, which means the same thing.

F. Gonzalez, who lives on Wayne street, found the odd plant a year or two ago over in Japan. He thought he had discovered a sort of missing link, so he bought it and brought it home to put in to the conservatory among his choicest plants, where he guards it as the apple of his eye. Not a scale bug or other ravaging insect has a chance to live on its leaves, for he has a special bath tub built for its use, with a sheet iron chimney in the center, in which he places it periodically, puts a cover over the whole thing, and gives it a Turkish bath treatment of sulphur and other fumes, such as would make even the sturdiest scale bug turn up its toes. It is a hardy shrub, the outdoor climate of San Francisco agreeing with its health excellently well, although its owner is so choice of it that he doesn't give it a chance to sleep out very often. In the native country it is usually kept potted, and the Japanese seem to be fully alive to its value as an ornamental curiosity, for Mr. Gonzalez found

THE FIVE-FINGERED ORANGE.

it a difficult matter to get one to bring to America, and so far nobody else seems to get one.

The orange tree is a regular bush shrub that does not average more than five or six feet in height. It does not grow straight, as a properly behaved tree is supposed to do, but is curved everywhere. It would be very difficult to find two consecutive inches in the entire tree whose line of direction is the same. Even the branch is grow in spiral form, so that the width of the tree is often as great as the height. There is a generous supply of thorns hidden under the leaves, and they are thorns that mean business. They are slender, tough, and long, and are located in all sorts of unexpected places. The leaves are fleshy, long, and narrow and of a dark green color. They resemble a lemon leaf more than an orange leaf. Indeed, in both this instance and that the color of the ripened fruit this singular plant seems to claim a very close cousinship to the large lemon family. The flowers come out in June and July, and are very similar in appearance and odor to the ordinary orange blossoms, save that instead of the familiar creamy white color they have a delicate pinkish tint which is very beautiful. They commonly grow in clusters of two or three blossoms on alternate nodes of the branch.

The fruit itself is of a light yellow color, a pure lemon hue, growing greenish toward the stem. The size is immense, considered relatively to other oranges or to the size of the tree, the largest ones measuring when mature fully ten inches from the wrist to the point of the middle finger, including the hand. It is always necessary to furnish a support in the way of props and strings to sustain the growing fruit or the limb will be broken by the weight. The fingers of the orange divide at about half the distance from the wrist, and though the division lines can be plainly seen throughout the entire length of the hand, they do not destroy its contour. The proportional length of the fingers from the thumb to the little finger is perfect, corresponding exactly with that of a human hand. The fruit is not edible—none of the osage variety is—but what it lacks in being unable to tickle the palate it more than makes good in perfume. The strangest thing connected with the perfume is that it is the fruit and not the flower that is the most odorous. The fruit when ripe is so redolent that its scent can be recognized a full mile from where the orange is growing.

An Englishman's Geography.

"So you propose to make a tour through the United States, my boy," said Englishman No. 1 to Englishman No. 2, as they sat together in a London club room.

"Yes, I'm going to make a hurried trip through the States."

"What parts of the country are you going to visit?"

"Well, I shall land in the city of New Hampshire and give the town a pretty thorough visit. Then I shall go up the Georgia river to Denver, and visit its famous university. Then I shall put in a few weeks in the great forests of Cincinnati, hunting the antelope. I expect to make a trip across the vast prairies of Rhode Island and shoot an elephant or two. After that I shall winter in Bar Harbor and study American society among its most select representatives. Early in the spring I shall hire a guide and go on a fishing excursion up the California river into the lakes of Chicago."

"Going to visit New York?"

"Don't know as I shall get so far as that."—New York World.

The Only Way.

They were discussing which was the proper thing, for the gentleman to walk on the right or the left side of the lady, and she decided the matter by advancing the unanswerable argument: "It would be right for you to take the left, and it would be left for me to take the right."—Boston Transcript.

Overheard.

She talked through her hat at the show last night.
And a man who was sitting near by
Looked up toward the roof with a start,
for he thought
'Twas a voice coming out of the sky.
—Detroit Free Press.

Kind Words Never Die.

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" snapped a young lady at the conductor of an overcrowded cable car.

"A good deal like crushed sugar, Miss," said the conductor with a beaming smile. And the lady hung on to the strap and rode three miles further with the look of an angel on her face.—Brooklyn Life.

Our Serial Story.

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THE GARDEN OF EDEN, U.S.A.

A VERY POSSIBLE STORY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Early the next morning we started forth, I carrying a lunch basket while Stella was burdened with nothing more weighty than her parasol. It was a beautiful morning, clear and bright with Southern sunshine and without the sign of a cloud anywhere except the cirrus ones which arose from Wayne's tall chimney stacks.

We both stopped and looked about us as we came out upon the broad green in front of the domiciles. "The day, at least, is a perfect one, Mr. Brown," Stella said. "You have nothing to complain of upon that score. May your enjoyment of it be as complete!"

"It shall be!" I declared, resolved that this day, at least, should not be marred by any unprofitable love making. And yet I hoped for a good deal from this one day spent in Stella Vernon's company!

As we waited for the Electric, which would take us a mile or two upon our journey, the thought came to me that possibly I had enticed Stella into something that might be regarded as a breach of decerum by the Eden people, and I intimated as much to my companion. But she only laughed at me. "An Eden woman is always supposed to be able to take care of herself, Mr. Brown," she answered me. "She needs no chaperone!"

"Have you really banished Mrs. Grundy from your paradise entirely?" I asked. "That is something quite remarkable."

"Mrs. Grundy has become the best of golden gossips," she declared. "It is one of our rules not to think or to speak ill of one another. To show you how complete this trust in one another is, let me whisper a secret in your conventional ear, Mr. Brown. With any other man in Eden I would have worn a gymnasium costume today. It is much more convenient for mountain climbing than this one is. But you! How could I be certain that you would not misjudge me? As it is I suppose I must consent to be dragged and lifted upward like a New York belle in the Adirondacks, piloted by a lot of New York dudes, who are only a little less weak than she is herself. Am I slandering you, or only your sex, Mr. Brown? I warn you that I will only accept your gentlemanly assistance under protest, and because I was not quite brave enough to risk your displeasure."

"You can never risk my displeasure but in one way, Miss Vernon," I said, "whatever you do I shall believe in you."

"Is that really true, I wonder?" she asked with a laugh that seemed to express some doubt in my statement. "Did you not make a rash declartion like that once before, and live to repent of it? Be sure that you do not repent so easily this time!"

The car we mounted for our ride toward the mountain was a composite one, half passenger, half freight. Every country road in the valley seemed to have its railway, but the service was adapted to the requirements of those who occupied Wayne's ranch houses. These houses were for the most part only the more important ones among the old plantation houses, and were little centers of interest and of activity in themselves enough people living in them to provide for entertainment for one another, if so disposed. Or, if they preferred, an electric car would very soon bear one, or all, away to the Domicile Block. Sometimes, Stella told me, the migration was reversed, and a merry company of the citizens of the city would come flocking down upon the helpless ranchers for an old-time country frolic.

"What have you done with your mangle for to-day?" I asked of Stella, upon the journey. "I hope it is not standing idle."

"You need not worry about that!" she declared, laughing at the pertinacity with which I introduced the topic of her occupation upon every possible occasion. "Nothing stands idle in Eden, as suggestive reminder to us that, individually, we are of very little consequence in this world, after all."

"But who is your substitute? I supposed that it would be impossible to find a substitute in a place where every one has his own work to do."

"In this case it is a gentleman of comparative leisure for Eden. One who is struggling with the uncertainties of authorship. He is writing a book, but whether it will be the great book of the century, or simply a literary curiosity to a few of his friends is as yet undecided. I can tell you this in confidence since you are not likely to repeat it."

"Ah, then you have gentlemen of comparative leisure, and literary aspirants, both, in Eden?" I said. "That is news to me."

"I fear that you have been getting a wrong idea in regard to our obligations in the matter of work, Mr. Brown," Stella answered. "Our duties are not so exacting, by any means, as you seem to think. Every one is supposed to have a pursuit here, for public sentiment does not tolerate indolence, no matter how rich one may be, but there are a good many who have no regular work in the factories or domiciles. They are on our substitute lists, however, and are often called upon, as, in fact, they desire to be. This gives the regular workers a delightful sense of freedom. They can drop their work at any time for a day's outing, or for any other purpose, and know that they are doing some one a favor by doing so."

"In that case, I think I should drop it quite often, if not entirely."

"Oh, no, you would not," she declared, laughing. "The spirit of the place is very decidedly against indolence. You would feel something as a sinner in heaven must feel, if you should drop everything without reason. And then, perhaps, some one of our boards of management might ask you if some other place of residence would not suit you just as well as Eden valley. That is why I happen to know so much about my young friends literary ambitions," she added with a laugh. "Has any one told you that I am a very important personage in our domicile?"

"Yes, but it was in another connection," I answered. "Wayne warned me that it would not do to incur your enmity."

After leaving the car we struck boldly upward toward the mountain itself. There was no path leading directly to the summit for a mile or two in either direction, but the rocky crest seemed easy of attainment, and Stella insisted that we should attempt it. "I do not like beaten paths," she declared. "I prefer to make them."

"It is a laudable ambition, Miss Vernon," I answered. "At least for men."

"For men!" she exclaimed. "Then why should it not be for women, also? Do you think that I have brought you to the mountains to acknowledge any inferiority to the male sex? If you do, you will find yourself greatly mistaken, Mr. Stanley Brown!"

My nerves tingled at this first mention of my first name as a term of address, but I answered her in the light tone in which she had spoken. "We are quite ready to acknowledge your superiority in all womanly graces and attributes," I said, "but we imagine that there are a few things in which we still excel."

"Your vices, for one thing, perhaps. Do you think that we are satisfied that our womanly graces should be balanced by your masuline faults?"

"But there are some things besides faults in which we hope to be preeminent."

"Simply because we are generous and do not dispute your claims! We do not like that kind of a division of excellencies. We much prefer one based upon merit alone. In Eden we claim it, and at the same time hold our gentlemen friends to the same code of ethics that they impose upon us. What they do, we can do—if we take the notion!"

"Do you really propose to become manly in Eden?"

By no means. We propose to be equal with men, that is all. Let the men look to their laurels if they hope to retain them. The twentieth century woman will not be a subservient one, Mr. Brown. She will not be made into a toy wife to be simply kissed and fondled, or even into a housewife to keep one well fed and therefore good natured. She will have an individuality separate and apart from the man she loves, and yet she will be quite willing that the two shall be merged into one dual personality made up of two equal parts. Is not this a higher ideal of womanhood than that exemplified by the sentimental, lovesick heroines of the every day novel?"

I suppose, according to all the instincts of masculinity, I should have felt my love for this representative of an advanced womanhood dwindling away, and yet nothing of the kind happened. I could well appreciate the standard of womanhood upon which she was insisting. I did not want a toy wife. I had no doll's house I wished to fill. I knew that however I might enjoy the merely amorous delights of a lover's Elysium, that they would sooner or later pall upon my taste. I wanted a wife who would fill my heart and soul as well as my arms—at least I had wanted one of late. Since I had come to Eden,—and I was fully conscious of the fact that Stella Vernon would do this as no other woman I had ever known could. And in my heart of hearts I honored her for the bold, aggressive stand which she was taking, and for the courage with which she was appealing to the better instincts within my own nature. She was more than my ideal in that moment. She was one whose strength of character and womanly attributes I had never dreamed could belong to the one whom I should be fortunate enough to win for my own. There were not many like her in the world in which I had lived. "Ye gods," I thought, with a generous acknowledgment of her superior worth and a flattering estimate of my own good fortune, "why could not all women be more like this one?"

We reached the steeper crest of the mountain at last. In places the rocky wall rose to a sheer height of many feet, but at the point at which we were aiming it seemed easier of access. At length I found a place where I was able to ascend to the table land above by the use of both my hands. By the help of the shrubs which grew close to the edge of the summit I hoped to be able to reach down and assist my companion to the top.

But Stella shook her head as I indicated my plan. "It is of no use," she said. "I cannot climb with you, either figuratively or literally, in this convention-bound condition of womanhood. I might as well break my fetters first as last. Perhaps I shall break something else as well, but if I do, one of the puzzling problems of my life will be easily solved. Will you really misunderstand me, I wonder, if I work a transformation before your eyes? Here is the past. Behold the future!"

She had touched some portion of her dress, and her skirt dropped from her and fell in a little circular heap upon the ground. She stepped out of it, and stood for a moment contemplating me, clothed like some tableau representation of a last century notability. Then, declining my help, she sprang light as a fairy cliff, and stood, triumphant, by my side.

"Here I am upon the mountain top, Mr. Brown, your equal in every respect, even in my freedom from conventional ideas of dress," she exclaimed. "I did not expect to give you, quite so soon, a practical exemplification of my advanced views of life, and of our Eden ideas of dress reform. But please tell me, have I fallen in your estimation?"

"Whatever Stella Vernon does is right to me," I said. "Did I not promise you that? But I wish that you would tell me how I am to rescue that skirt for you. I am not sure that I can climb down as easily as I came up. I am willing to do almost anything but break my neck in your service."

"I have no wish to rescue it," she declared. "This is not simply a tableau representation with a moral attached, but a new epoch. Let the skirt remain where it is and rot if no one finds it. They will only say that it is one of Stella Vernon's monuments to the bondages of a past era."

"But you are not going back to the domiciles in that condition?" I exclaimed, laughing. "You have not even one of your Eden gymnasium suits left."

"Do you dare condemn me?" she exclaimed, hotly. "Am I not fully clothed? As fully as many of the soldiers in the last war, or as any of the men were in the last century, for that matter?"

"Yes but do you expect me to appear before all Eden with you in that plight?" I beg pardon," I exclaimed, hurriedly, as her eyes began to flash in an ominous manner. "I am thinking principally of yourself. I can stand whatever your Eden people may think of me. But will you not be making yourself a guy before them all?"

Her brow cleared quickly and she laughed heartily. By that ill-considered speech you have made yourself the champion of the first veritable dress reform in our progressive city," she exclaimed. "Our people are not wholly unprepared for it, as you seem to be, but still I had intended to stop at some of the ranch houses on our way down and borrow a skirt for our entry into the city. But now, since you seem to impute a less noble motive to me, and intimate that I ought to be ashamed of myself, you shall attend me as I am. Is the prospect a very disagreeable one to you? If it is, you know that you can go back alone, while I will follow in the character of a maiden whose lover has discarded her," she added, laughing in a tantalizing way. "Every one will know the reason for it, and you will be fully justified, of course."

I was not dreaming of divinities just then. The prospect was not an agreeable one to me, by any means. "Miss Vernon, you know that I am anxious to be your champion in everything that is right and best," I said, stopping to argue the question with her. "But is this wise? Will you not be bringing discredit upon both of us? You are the one to suffer, not I. Let me climb down and bring up your skirt for you. I ask it for your own sake only."

"No!" she declared, still laughing, but growing more serious as she went on. "That skirt belongs to the past, not to the future. Since you have made the issue, let it lie. Will you please look at me, if you can do so with honest eyes, Mr. Brown, and tell me if I need that skirt for my own health or comfort?"

"No, I cannot honestly say that you do," I admitted.

"Then why should I, or any woman, be compelled to drag our clinging skirts about with us, or be forever trying to kick them out of our path, and never succeeding?" she asked, becoming still more earnest in her manner. "Is it a badge of our servitude to fashion, or is it simply a concession to the weakness of your sex? Whichever it is, I do not care to pander any longer, either to the fashions or the passions of humanity."

Was I to marry a woman in knickerbockers? Perish the fearful thought! And yet, such was my love for the queenly woman before me who deigned to justify her action without excusing it, that if she had made the wearing of kickerbockers, and that upon Broadway, the only condition of accepting me, I am not sure but that I would have taken her into my arms at once!

We had turned to continue our journey toward a higher portion of the mountain top, leaving the unfortunate cause of our dispute upon the mountain side behind us. "I assure you that you would be pandering to the passions of men if women generally should adopt that costume," I said.

"Men!" she cried, giving forcible expression to the pent up intensity of her feelings. "Animals, you mean, and not even respectable animals at that. Do you realize that from being the highest of the animal creation, men have become in many things the lowest? Look at the swearing, swaggering, folly ruled and passion filled specimens of humanity that you meet everywhere, even in good society, and tell me if it is not so? Can the animals, even, equal them in their arrogance and folly, and disgust at secret sins? But in Eden we propose that both manhood and womanhood shall be redeemed and the animal passions trodden under foot. If convention makes the sin, as it seems to do in this instance, then let convention abandon its false standards of modesty, and at the same time insist upon it that men shall become pure in thought as well as in action. Are men babies and imbeciles that even our skirts must drag the streets as a defense against their lurking eyes? Is this the strong and exalted manhood which you are so anxious to place over against the pure ideal of womanhood which you men insist upon? Must we in pure even in thought, and yet allow you your own foul imaginations and disgusting open sins, unrebuked?"

Her flashing eyes showed that she was speaking from the heart, and possibly from the depth of her experience with our weaker and wickeder sex. I turned to look at her and felt my admiration increased, rather than diminished, as it might have been with any other woman under similar circumstances. "I hope that you will not because me of the sin you mention, in the present instance," I said, laughing and trying to give a less tragical aspect to our discussion. "But really, I do not see how you propose to remedy matters in this way. It seems to me that you would only augment them."

"By removing the prudish air of mystery which a false convention has placed about things not essentially immodest in themselves both the temptation and the sin would vanish," she answered. "Why should the more modest charms of womanhood be made a matter of traffic in theaters and dance houses? If they are right there, or upon the seashore, or even in a bicycle costume, why should they not be right everywhere? If skirts are only a defense against the baser passions of men let them be abandoned and men held to a full accountability for their own imbecile standards of life and for their foul imaginations. Let those discredit women who pander to the animal passions of the lordly sex receive the condemnation which they well deserve, but at the same time let the human tempter take his place beside his victim and be condemned to an equal obloquy of an outraged womanhood and all pure minded men. Isn't that right and just? But I beg your pardon, Mr. Brown," she added in a lighter tone. "I did not intend to drag you into a discussion of one of our burning Eden questions. To change the subject I will challenge you to a race. I never felt so much like racing before. Do you see that white birch at the foot of yonder rise? I will give you a handkerchief, one of the very best we make in Eden if you will reach it first."

She started like the wind and I had some difficulty in keeping up with her encumbered as I was with our lunch basket. With any other woman I suppose that I would have been satisfied to come in last, but with Stella I resolved to do my best. And yet I was only a yard or two in front of her as I reached the goal. I could well imagine that she had often practiced upon the running track of their gymnasiums.

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," she said as she came up panting and as rosy as a Hebe. "You are honest with me, even in your racing."

"I only wanted the handkerchief," I declared, having accepted the situation as gracefully as possible, and recovered my equanimity in some measure.

"What have you done with the one you have already?" she asked archly.

"I have that still, I assure you. But that one belongs to a past era. I want this one to represent the present and the future."

"No, that is not the real reason," she said, laughing pleasantly. "You wanted to show me that you were willing to meet me on my own ground. That is the reason I thanked you. And I see that you are willing to give me credit for sincerity, at least, in this other matter. I will thank you for that also. Shall we go back now after my abandoned skirt? I will climb down for it myself by way of penance."

"No," I said. "I am not so brave as you are, but I can at lest follow. Please lead on, if you really desire to."

She turned with a gay laugh and went onward. "I fear that I have gone too far, in my madcap impulse, to go back now," she said. "There is nothing left for me but victory or the grave. In Eden it will be victory of course, but just fancy how deeply I should be buried if this were in the world outside!"

We did not stop to really look about us until the higher crest of the mountain was reached. The panorama which was then spread out before us was one that was well worthy of a harder climb than we had taken to see. Far to the north we could see an almost endless succession of plantations, and a number of towns and villages as well. To the east the higher mountains closed our view, but that of the mountains themselves was a grand and inspiring one. But of greater interest to us than all this to both of us was the vision of the

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything; for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

General Willich.

F. F., McCook, Neb., writes: "Will you please give a short sketch of the life of Gen. Willich, of the late war, who went out with the Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers, and was known as 'the exile?' Who was he, and who was his father?"

August Willich was born in Gorzyn, in the Prussian province of Posen, in 1810, and died at St. Mary's, Mercer county, O., January 23, 1878. His father was a captain of hussars in the Prussian army, and died when August was a three years old. The latter received a military education at Potsdam, and entered the Prussian army, becoming a captain in 1841. In 1846, being imbued with republican ideas, he resigned his commission in a letter which gave such offense that he was arrested and tried by court-martial. He was acquitted and allowed to resign. He took part in the attempt to revolutionize Germany in 1848, and on its failure he became an exile, with Carl Schurz, Franz Sigel, and others. He went to England, learned the carpenter's trade, and in 1853 came to the United States. He worked in the Brooklyn navy yard, and in 1858 went to Cincinnati to edit a German paper. He enlisted in the Ninth Ohio in 1861, and became its major. Governor Morton, of Indiana, who was raising a German regiment, commissioned him its colonel. This was the Thirty-second Indiana. On July 17, 1862, he was appointed a brigadier general of volunteers. At Stone River, December 31, 1862, he was taken prisoner, but was exchanged in season to take part in the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, and from that time shared in all the battles of Sherman's campaign to Atlanta and the sea. After the war he returned to Cincinnati, was county auditor for three years. After a visit to Germany, he resided at St. Mary's until his death.

Indian Sectarian Schools.

F. W. G., Richland, Mont., asks: "Can you tell me how much money the Catholic missions receive from the government for educating Indian children, and how it is apportioned?"

We have not the figures for the last fiscal year, unfortunately. The previous year the total amounts received by various churches for the education of Indian children were as follows:

	Annual Appropriation.
Roman Catholic	$369,535
Presbyterian	29,040
Congregational	25,735
Episcopal	4,860
Friends	10,020
Mennonite	3,750
Unitarian	5,400
Lutheran	15,120
Methodist	6,480

Bond of United States Treasurer.

C. E., Chapin, Iowa, asks: "Does the United States treasurer give bonds, and of so, in what amount? Some of the Democrats here claim that the United States treasurer does not give bonds."

Your Democratic friends are mixing things up through gross ignorance. The Secretary of the Treasury does not give bond, because he has not the money in his personal charge. The United States statutes provide, however, that the United States Treasurer shall give bond, the amount of which shall be decided by the Secretary of the Treasury. Now, if they say that this is a poor law, and that the amount should be fixed by the law, tell them that it was passed by a Democratic Congress, in 1849.

Millet's "Angelus."

M. P., Peoria, Ill.: The Angelus is a devotion said in some Roman Catholic countries at 6 a. m., at noon, and at 6 p. m. It is in memory of the annunciation of the angel to the Virgin and consists of three texts from the Bible and three "hail Marys," followed by a versicle and response and a prayer. The bell sounded when the Angelus is to be repeated is also called the Angelus. The picture by Millet, which was brought to this country some years ago, was bought by the French government from the company that owned it, and is now in the Louvre, the great art gallery in Paris. We do not recall the price paid. The painter Millet is dead.

International Date Line.

G. P. E., Winchester, Ill., writes: "It is now 7 o'clock p. m., and on the opposite side of the world—i. e., the eastern continent—it is 7 a. m. What I want to know is, is it Saturday or morning and where does the change take place?"

The day begins on the international date line. This starts at Behring strait, thence to the 180th meridian and follows that, with a few variations, through the Pacific. This is called the "international date line" because it was established by agreement between the leading commercial nations. When a ship crosses it the day changes.

Miscellaneous.

J. M. M., Trull, Colo.: We are sorry to say we have not the statistics to settle the point.

"D. K. M.," Mt. Auburn, Ill.: We really can find nothing which should be designated by that name. We think the examiners erred in so framing the question.

J. Salem, Ore.: The term "16 to 1" means 16 ounces of silver equal in value to 1 ounce of gold—or grains, or pounds, or any other weights in the same proportion.

"M. C.," Dickinson P. O., Mich.: We have no means of ascertaining the descendants of Peter Brown, one of the Mayflower pilgrims. All we know was that Peter Brown was twice married. One of his descendants was Capt. John Brown, of the Connecticut militia, who died of disease in the Revolutionary army in 1776. He left a son, Owen Brown, who was the father of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame.

E. R., New Market, Md.: It is of Jefferson that the story is told that he rode on horseback when he went to be inaugurated. Whether any other of the early Presidents did, we do not know; but there is nothing noteworthy in such an act at that time, when on horseback was a very common mode of travel, and Washington had no paved streets. March 4 is generally a muddy time of year there, and to go on horseback would have been eminently wise in any one.

—To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A RECEPTION EPISODE.

The Late Mrs. Whitney's Yznaga Dilemma.

The matrimonial troubles of the Yznagas show a peculiar condition of affairs. Two of Mr. Yznaga's matrimonial affairs have ended in separation. His first wife was Miss Gerry Smith, a sister of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, who has just been separated from her husband. The first Mrs. Yznaga sought speedy consolation after securing a divorce in California, in Mr. George Tiffany, a wealthy Baltimorean, who is as well known in New York as in his native city. Not to be outdone, Mr. Yznaga courted and married the famous beauty, Miss Mabel Wright, from whom he has just separated.

These counter divorces and marriages of people who continue to move in society's narrow circle, produce unpleasant collisions at times. The Yznaga complications were unusually fruitful in this respect. An instance of this kind occurred some little time ago at a great reception given by the late Mrs. William C. Whitney, who received her guests in the main drawing-room of the red brick mansion on Fifth avenue, says the New York Journal. In the long line of guests waiting to make their acknowledgements to their hostess were Mr. Yznaga, the first and second Mrs. Yznaga, and the new husband, Mr. Tiffany, and unkind fate had placed one couple immediately behind the other. What Mr. Yznaga's thoughts were when he glanced at the new wife on his arm and at the old wife on the arm of another man—her husband—can merely be conjectured. It can only be said that poor Mrs. Whitney confided to her friends afterward that it was one of the most embarrassing moments of her life when she welcomed this strange quartette to her house.

A Home Thrust.

Mme. de Stael had fallen out with the Viscount de Choiseul, owing to certain malicious reports circulated by the latter. One day the lady and the viscount met in company, on which occasion good manners required that they should speak to each other. Mme. de Stael commenced:

"We have not seen you for a long time, Monsieur de Choiseul."

"Ah! Madame l'Ambassadrice, I have been ill."

"Seriously, Monsieur?"

"I had a narrow escape from being poisoned."

"Alas! Possibly you took a bite at your own tongue."

This little joke fell like a thunderbolt on the viscount, who was a notorious back-biter and mischief-maker. The lesson was a severe one, but he richly deserved it and had not a word to say.—Le Savoir-Faire et Savoir-Vivre.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Late Books to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

The Literature of the Georgian Era, by William Minto, is a work that cannot fail to attract the interest of scholars. The publishers, Harper & Bros., New York, have brought it out in a neat volume with a biographical introduction by Professor William Knight. The work is worthy of the distinguished author, giving in a simple, piquant style his ideas of the brilliant writers who belong to this era. The lectures, for that is what make the volume, are summaries of literary history in the reigns of the four kings who really had themselves very little to do with literature, and yet in whose times literary people, writers of prose or verse received more recognition than ever before in England. The style of Prof. Minto is strong and vivid, and he uses the purest English. The volume is a most delightful one.

Two well written stories, Hyppolite and Golden Book, from the pen of George Bassett, come from Harper & Bros., New York city. The first is dedicated to Mr. Whistler, and the latter to Lloyd Osbourne. Hyppolyte is a servant, but a curious piece of humanity, who does very peculiar things. His undaunted courage finally costs him his life. Golden Book is also a singular narrative, the plot of which begins in this country and thence passes over to Japan. One of the principal characters is Mrs. Potion, who aspires to be a queen, through her marriage to a Japanese servant who claims to be heir to the throne. The ending is a most tragic one.

Men Born Equal is a novel by Harry P. Robinson, which is brought out by the Harpers, New York city. This is a story referring to labor troubles, the power of the unions, and their effect upon the trades and upon matters in a general way. The style is strong and graphic and exceedingly realistic, so much so as to make it seem impossible that the incidents are not real. The characters and their movements in the political field, the corrupt practices of the leaders, and the humble acquiescence of the rank and file as they are robbed of their daily wages and their homes of all comforts, are vivid, real pictures, just such as are seen in every labor struggle and strike in the land. The book will do as an educator, while its intensely interesting and well-told story will forcibly impress its truths upon all unprejudiced readers

Gerald Massey, Poet, Prophet and Mystic, by B. O. Flower, is published by The Arena company, of Boston. It is a brief but most eloquent and pointed discussion of the life and works of the noted English author, Gerald Massey, in whom the author finds a striking resemblance to John Whittier. With the numerous quotations from the gems of Mr. Massey's work, the charming illustrations, and the admirable delineation of character by Mr. Flower, the volume is one to attract and hold the interest and admiration of the reader.

Stories of the Foot Hills are from the graphic pen of Margaret Collin Graham, and are published in a pretty volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. They are exceedingly well told, full of delicate touches that speak of the true artist's hand. Some of them are named as follows: The Withrow Water Right; Alex Randall's Conversion; Idy; The Complicity of Enoch Embody; Em; Colonel Bob Jarvis; and Brice. They are well worth reading.

Modern Missions in the East, by E. A. Lawrence, D. D., is also published by the Harpers. The volume is introduced to the reader by a touching tribute to the memory of the author, who died in 1893, by President Eaton, of Beloit College. Dr. Lawrence spent some time in the Orient studying the subject of missions, and he embodied his observations in a series of lectures upon his return, these forming the substance of the present volume. China, Korea, Japan, India and the Turkish dominions are treated in a most interesting way as fields of missionary labor. But the most valuable portions of the book are the chapters on "Providence in Missions," "The Principles of Missions," and "The Problems of Missions."

A Son of Hagar, by Hall Caine, is published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York city. This is, of course, a finely written story, as are all that have Mr. Caine as the author. It is a strange and exceedingly strong study of one phase of human action, rather intricate in plot, and full of gloom from first to last. The aim is to show the possibility of a sincere repentance—a repentance that can carry the wrong-doer so far as to make the most tremendous sacrifice of self in reparation. The struggle between the good and bad elements in a man's nature is depicted with great power. The story has been already noticed at length in these columns.

The Adventures of Jones, by Hayden Carruth, is published by Harper & Brothers, New York city. The volume contains a series of the most astonishing stories—stories that will make the hair stand on end through their bare-faced assertions of the truth of the most improbable happenings. No one can read without amusement. Some of the titles are: The Globular Cyclone House; the Cat-Motor; Interesting Meeting with a Panther; The Rise and Fall of Jones City, etc.

Five stories by Charles Egbert Craddock are published in one volume by Harper & Brothers, New York city, its title, The Phantoms of the Foot Bridge, being the same as that of the first story. This is exceedingly weird, told in dialect, about a girl who sees herself appear as a sprit, which strange fact foreshadows her early decease, and makes the foot bridge where the event occurred a haunted spot, to be avoided at night as much as possible by local wayfarers After this tale follow four other interesting narratives, all illustrated and pleasantly told. The best story in this collection is the one entitled "His Day in Court," relating all the circumstances of a feud between two families, an intermarriage between a member of each, and the subsequent laying to rest of the quarrel, due to the influence exercised by a little grandson.

Tammas's Little Joke.

The worthy beadle in a rural district in Perthshire had become too feeble to perform his duties as minister's man and gravedigger, and had to get an assistant. The two did not agree well, but after a few months had elapsed Sandy (the beadle) died, and Tammas (his erstwhile assistant) had to perform the last service for his late partner. The minister, a bit of a wag, strolled up to Tammas while he was giving the finishing touches to the grave and casually remarked: "Have you put Sandy weel down, Tammas?" "I hey that, sir," said Tammas, very decidedly. "Sandy may get up, but he'll be among the hindmost."—Halifax Chronicle.

Why It's Wanted.

"All Congress wants," they say, "is time
To make the skies look sunny;"
And this is so; for time, you know,
Is money, money, money.
—Atlanta Constitution.

There Is Merit

In Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was in bad condition with **Sour Stomach, Heart**

John R. Lochary, Roxbury, Ohio.

Palpitation, Hot Flashes. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am as well as ever. I give Hood's Sarsaparilla **all the credit.** I took no other medicine. JOHN R. LOCHARY, Roxbury, Ohio. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla **Cures**

Hood's Pills are taking the lead. 25c.

BEAUTY IS POWER.

Perfection of Form, Feature, and Mind Render Women All-powerful.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Yet blended with those perfections must be perfect health. Women are today stronger in their character, better in their nature, truer in their love, warmer in their affections, than they ever were.

But most women do not know themselves; and often when their influence is doing the most good, break down. They drift gradually and unconsciously into that tempestuous sea of woman's diseases. Then they should remember that *Lydia E. Pinkham's* VegetableCompound restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures leucorrhœa, — the great forerunner of serious womb trouble, — relieves backache, strengthens the muscles of the womb, and restores it to its normal condition, regulates menstruations, removes inflammation, ulceration, and tumors of the womb, etc.

It is a remedy of a woman for women. Millions of women owe the health they enjoy, and the influence they exert, to Mrs. Pinkham; and the success of her Vegetable Compound has never been equalled in the field of medicine for the relief and cure of all kinds of female complaints. So say the druggists.

Here is another one of thousands who speaks that others may know the truth:—

"For five years I suffered with falling of the womb, and all the dreadful aches and pains that accompany the disease. I tried several doctors and different medicines, until I lost all faith in everything. I had not tried your Compound. I watched your advertisements from day to day, and each day became more hopeful. At last I resolved to try it. I have taken seven bottles, and have gained forty pounds. My pains have all left me, and I am a well woman. I do all my own work, and can walk two miles without feeling tired. Your Compound has been worth its weight in gold to me. I cannot praise it enough." MATILDA EHNAM, Columbia, Lancaster Co., Pa.

CARDS DENOTE CHARACTER.

The Newly Rich Want Fancy Script, With Lots of Curlycues.

"You have no idea how cards denote character," said a young woman who takes the orders for card plates in a big downtown engraving establishment.

"The man who is completely absorbed in business and cares little for women and society steps up to the counter briskly, selects a plain, bold script and a rather large card of good quality. He never parts his name in the middle, and, though it isn't 'good form,' rarely ever uses his full name, but prefers the initials of his given names. He also rarely uses the 'mister' on his cards, again not minding good form. I like to attend to business men. They get what they want in a hurry and get right out.

"I tell you, they are different from the doctors—I mean young doctors who haven't yet learned that they have still a few things to learn. They give me lots of trouble. They all want three or four different plates, and in other ways are hard to please. They have cards for social use and for business. The ones for the former are the correct size, and read this way: 'Dr. J. Chamberlain Smith.' The address is placed in the correct corner of course. This man's business cards are engraved 'John Chamberlain Smith, M. D.' In one corner he has his office hours, in the other, his office address. Young Dr. Smith takes 200 of each kind home with him, and I think to myself, 'Rid of another one of those bothersome young doctors,' but no, I am mistaken. In a few days Dr. Smith is back. Patients haven't come in as he thought they would. Perhaps something is wrong with my cards, he thinks to himself, and here he is ordering more plates, with more stuff than enough on them.

"The new rich woman is a pleasant and amusing customer. Did you ever notice how affable new rich people are? Some people say they are arrogant, but that has not been my experience. Well, the new rich woman invariably orders a fancy script, with lots of curlycues, and she always selects an extra, in fact, an ultra large card.

"Men from the country like a tall, rawboned kind of script, and their cards like those of business men are too large to be correct, according to fashion's caprice.

"Finicky women like finicky script, and I'll tell you another thing about them. They are nearly always stingy. They buy thin, glazy cards, declaring every time that it is because they prefer them, but I know better. It's stinginess that makes them prefer them.

"Of course fashionable men and fashionable women know what they want, for they know what is correct, and give their orders with little parleying. Their tastes vary somewhat, but very little.

"I've been in this business so long that I could wait on most of my customers, and please them, too, without getting the slightest hint from them as to what they want. Here comes a customer now, and I'll bet you an Easter bonnet that I can suit him in no time," she said with a merry twinkle in her eye as she hastened off to a tall, rawboned man conspicuous in store clothes.—New York Press.

A FEW THRUSTS AT TRILBY.

Manager—How would you like to play the part of Trilby?

Bashful Actress—Well—er, not—eh—altogether.—New York World.

The Wheeling Intelligence announces that a new hamlet in the swamps of Louisiana has been named "Trilby." Now, let the girls go there if they want to get Taffy.—New York Herald.

There are signs of a reaction against the Trilby craze. There hangs in a photographer's cabinet outside his shop a picture of the author of that much-discussed book, with the legend: "Du Maurier, the Trilby fiend."—New York Sun.

"Aren't you ashamed," said the philanthropic lady, "to let your little girls go about barefooted as you do?"

"Sho', lady," replied Aunt Mirandy, "dat ain' no 'casion foh indignification. Dis fam'ly is done cotch de Trilby fad."—Washington Star.

So Trilby'd suit Chicago taste
And out there be the rage;
The publishers have worked in haste
To change it many a page.

The version made the trade to meet
Has all its French translated;
All mention of those "dear, small feet"
Is likewise expurgated.
—New York World.

The Trilby craze continues unabated, and before the end of the year we may look for a real Trilby insane asylum. I have already come across "Trilby slippers," Trilby jackets" and "Trilby face powders." Why not go still further and give the other characters in "Trilby" a chance? Why not have a "Svengali toilet soap," "Laird chewing gum," "Taffy salad oil," and even a "Little Billee nursing bottle?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

KIEL'S BIG CANAL.

jeopardy of her maritime supremacy, and the port has recently been declared a free one, and the city is also spending vast sums upon dredging,

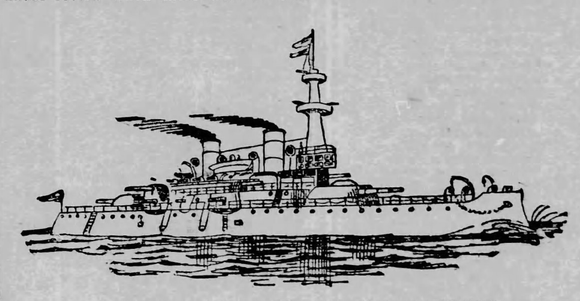
MAP OF ROUTE OF CANAL.

WORLD'S FINEST WARSHIPS WILL ATTEND ITS OPENING.

All Nations Will be Represented When Germany's Emperor Begins the Festivities.

What will undoubtedly prove the greatest naval pageant in the history of the world will take place on the 18th of June at Kiel, Germany, on the occasion of the formal opening of the great ocean canal running sixty-two miles long from Kiel to Brunsbuttel, on the Elbe, and practically making Hamburg one of the most important seaport cities in Europe.

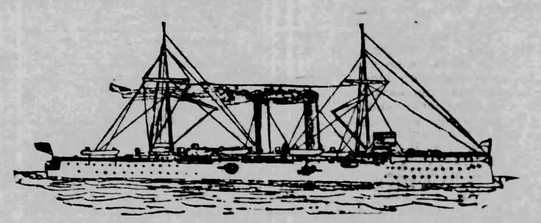
Two years ago New York had a naval review when there were forty



UNITED STATES WARSHIP MASSACHUSETTS.

great ships of war anchored in the harbor. A strong effort will be made by the German officials to surpass this showing and have a much larger fleet of foreign vessels on hand. One hundred and fifty great warships are expected. Germany alone will have fifty-eight men-of-war and torpedo boats at Kiel, and the other European powers will be careful to make a brave showing of their respective naval forces. England in particular will strive to have a larger number of its vessels at Kiel than any of the other foreign powers. It has always been England's policy to make such a showing, as was evidenced at our naval display, where she was represented by a much larger and more powerful fleet than either France or Germany.

The opening of the canal will be an event in the history of Germany, but the great public interest will be centered in the spectacular congregation of numberless modern warships. Secretary Herbert, of the navy department, has already instructed Minister Runyon, of the American embassy at Berlin, to notify Emperor William that at least two, and perhaps five, of our ships would participate in the festivities at Kiel. The Marblehead will probably be one of these; the Columbia and Minneapolis the others. Perhaps

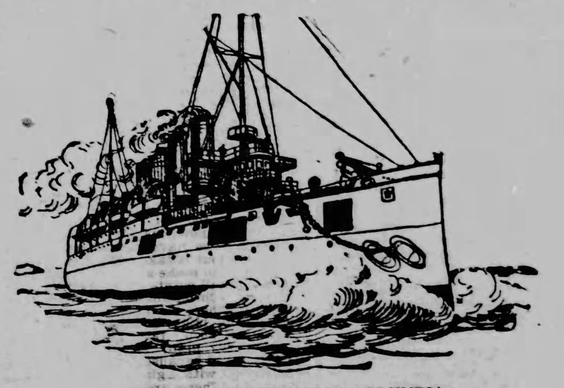


ITALIA, FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP.

the armored cruiser New York will be sent to offset the showing of the Blake, one of England's finest warships. In the matter of speed no ship in her class has equalled the record of the Columbia.

Austria will have five ships at Kiel; Italy will have a like number; Spain will be represented by four; France's antipathy to Germany will keep her fleet down to two; Turkey will have three; Russia will probably send her entire Baltic Sea fleet, and England's fleet may number a round dozen. Sweden and Denmark will also be represented, although Denmark's interest in the festivities is of a melancholy character.

The reason of this is that the new canal will practically destroy the supremacy of Copenhagen as a seaport town. Germany boasts that Denmark will suffer more by the new canal than it did in the great war of 1864, when it lost the rich duchy of Schleswig-Holstein. Heretofore ships have been compelled to pass Copenhagen and make the dangerous passage around the threatening cliffs of Jutland to reach Hamburg. The new canal will save this perilous and round-about trip, thus



UNITED STATES WARSHIP COLUMBIA.

shutting off millions of dollars worth of commerce from Copenhagen.

The maritime catastrophes off the jagged shores of Denmark and Sweden have been terrific. In the last thirty-five years sixty-five hundred vessels have been totally destroyed or seriously damaged by the sudden storms peculiar to that region; the innumerable ice floes; the countless islands and deadly rocks. This is a record which makes the mariner fearful of the trip, and Germany argues that he will be only too glad to make use of the canal. Ship-owners have suffered gigantic pecuniary losses, too, by these many wrecks. Thirty-five thousand ships pass around Jutland yearly, voyaging between the Baltic and the North Sea, and of these two hundred suffer damage, the loss of human life being proportionately great.

Copenhagen fully appreciates the

lighthouses and docks in the hope of diverting some of the traffic from the new canal.

The Kiel canal, which is now practically completed and is only awaiting the formal opening exercises before it is given to the commerce of the world, has been a pet project for the last 600 years. Toward the end of the fourteenth century the city of Lubeck, then a rich and independent town, built a canal from the Trave to the Elbe. This was an inadequate affair, and in the beginning of the sixteenth century Hamburg built a shorter connection from the East Sea, but the faulty engineering of those times allowed it to become soon filled with sand, rendering it perfectly useless.

The great Wallenstein some time later conceived a project when appointed imperial admiral like that which is soon to be consummated, but he was unable to carry out his schemes. Toward the end of the last century King Christian VII built the famous Eider Canal, but it hardly served the purpose of advancing commerce.

Not until Prussia took possession of the coast territory in 1865 was the project given serious thought. For many years the idea was bitterly opposed by the great General Moltke, who ignored the commercial advantages of this great canal, and only regarded it from a military point of view. His dissension was mainly that it would take a vast army to guard the canal alone, in event of war. He thought the cost of the canal would be better expended if it were put into the army and navy.

Bismarck was appealed to by friends of the canal, and his alert mind speedily perceived its advantages. He had a short talk with Moltke and soon won him over. In 1885 the Prussian voted the necessary sum for its construction —about $38,000,000—and on June 3, 1887, the old Kaiser Wilhelm laid the corner stone of the work of which his grandson will be the leading spirit in its completion.

The construction of the canal was a herculean task taken from an engineering standpoint. A greater part of the time a force of 10,000 men have been at work on it, the total excavation being 69,000,000 cubic yards, while in the Manchester canal only 52,500,000 cubic yards were removed. The Manchester canal cost $75,000,000 and impoverished many of its projectors, while the Baltic canal's cost has been close to the original estimate. In fact, the German canal has been the only one of similar enterprises which has been pushed to a successful issue The Panama canal swallowed thousands of fortunes, and the Nicaragua affair promises to do the same.

The level country between Kiel and the Elbe was of great assistance in the work, and did away with the necessity of building numberless locks. During but three weeks in the year are there any changes in the level at Kiel harbor, and in that period the lock at the Baltic end may be utilized. These locks are each 500 feet long, 83 feet wide and 32 feet deep on the Sill. At the Elbe end of the canal, where the tide runs with considerable strength, the gates will be closed and opened every day.

The canal averages 217 feet in width and at the shallowest portions is 30 feet in depth. This will allow the passage of the largest merchantmen and of the heaviest men-of-war in the German navy. Ordinary vessels will be allowed to move only at the rate of five and a half miles an hour, and the toll will be 18 cents per net register ton. This means that the receipts will probably be in the neighborhood of $1,400,000 a year.

The festivities of the canal opening will last many days. The celebration will begin on June 17 at the Hamburg City hall, and will be continued the following day at Kiel. On June 19 there will be great land and sea festivities, and on the 20th a yacht race and naval and military parades. On this day the Emperor will also hold a grand reception. From this on to the 27th of the month there will be yacht regattas and numberless festivities for the entertainment of all classes.

CURES OTHERS

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. Cures morning sickness, weak stomach, indigestion or dyspepsia, "female weakness" and kindred ailments.

MRS. DEMBY.

Mrs. MAMIE DEMBY, of *1503 Saratoga Street, Baltimore, Md.*, writes: "For three years I suffered from what my doctor called womb trouble. I cannot find language to describe the tortures I suffered. Sixteen weeks ago, I began to use your medicine, and now feel better and stronger than I have felt for years, in fact, my health is thoroughly restored and there are no signs of any return of my former trouble. I owe it all to your wonderful 'Favorite Prescription' which I shall always praise wherever I go."

WHY NOT YOU?

IS WOMAN INFERIOR?

A French Writer Scores the Softer Sex Unmercifully.

In the Revue Blanche for January was an interesting article by Strindberg which attracted much attention in France. The author of "Pere" does not arrive at his conclusion by an exclusive analysis of woman's mental qualities; to a great extent he relies upon her structural and anatomical weakness.

To begin with, her blood is not to be compared with man's, for it resembles that of the child and of the embryo; her spine, too, approaches theirs in formation, being longer and affording more evidence of that caudal appendage which is supposed to have been a distinguishing feature of the hairy ancestor of the human race. Woman's skull is closely akin to that of a child and the negro, and the grey matter of the brain is not so dense in the female as in the male. On the other hand, her nerves are much stronger, whence the capacity for supporting physical pain with comparative stoicism—a capacity which she shares with the savage, whose nervous system is somewhat similar.

Strindberg remarks that there are many points of resemblance between the female character and that of the negro. Sensuousness, a tendency to servile imitation, lack of initiative, love of dance and movement—all these are characteristics of women as they are of savages, and with the exception of the first, of children.

The so-called higher qualities of woman do not bear a very searching analysis. Her impressionability, of which we hear much, is merely that of a child; her hysterical and passionate outbursts when thwarted are the true equivalents of a child's screams and kicks when it is refused something it wants. Rarely does a woman possess the power of keeping her attention fixed on one subject for any considerable time; hence it is seldom that she entirely masters anything. Of sequence of ideas in a woman's mind there is little; doubtless the cause of her perpetual unpunctuality and inability to organize her occupations so as not to do two things at the same time. No woman can make a good cup of coffee; it is an impossibility, requiring as it does attention, exactitude, and a nice sense of time. Crime, even, demonstrates feminine inferiority, for there is generally no reflection or calculation of the probability of discovery in crimes committed by women.

In the conclusion of his article Strindberg, after expressing his absolute disbelief in the great queens of history, such as Elizabeth of England —whom contemporary historians, he says, magnified—goes on to reaffirm that woman is merely the complement of man. As his alter ego she may be invaluable, but alone she is useless. All feminine efforts towards independence end badly. Feminine emancipation is a chimera, a dream from which there will be a sad awakening. Woman, if she wants equality, must drag man down to her level, for she can never attain to his. The complete success of the emancipation movement would mean a struggle against the laws of nature. What, asks Strindberg, is the cause of this unreasoning fury against man?—for is it not he who, after all, has bestowed upon women the benefits of culture, the right of holding property, and numberless other privileges? Man, not woman, has produced civilization. A bad feature of modern legislation is its tendency to rob the wage-earner and father of the family of his daily bread in order to benefit the emancipated female, generally childless. That this will become a burning question in the future there can be little doubt. Already there are men kept out of employment by women. Who will maintain that it is a good thing for a single woman to monopolize a position which might maintain a family? Rarely ever, except in the case of great actresses or singers, do women themselves acquire fortunes; but they inherit many from husbands, fathers, brothers. When young she has ever opportunity of finding an honorable and noble independence as a wife and mother, a position in which she can contemplate the future with confidence and equanimity. Is not this more than most men can hope for? Necessarily there must be some sacrifices, and it is against these that the crowd of so-called emancipated women, who are devoid of any feeling of duty towards humanity, raise their raucous voice; itself a proof of their unworthiness and unfitness for taking part in the direction of the great social system.

They Met by Chance.

Maiden Aunt—"I hope you did not make any chance acquaintances on the train, Maud?"

Miss Maud Brisk—"I am sorry to say, auntie, that I sat for a little time in the lap of an Episcopal bishop, and watched a United States Senator stand on his head in the lunch basket of a total stranger."

Aunt—"Horrors, child! What can you mean?"

Maud—"It was not premeditated. I assure you, auntie, but when our train collided with another we were so upset by the shock that we were hardly responsible for what we did."—Truth.

Christianity Versus Socialism.

It is the old fight whether a man owns himself, or whether the state owns him. Christianity and common sense teach that, under God, every man owns himself, and the law is the reasonable regulation of liberty, not its suppression. There are some who talk of Christian Socialism; but you might as well talk of a round square, or of a hot iceberg. Socialism is not Christian, and Christianity is not socialistic. Christianity is the religion of individual liberty, and of free cooperation, secured in Christ, and regulated by the law of Christ.—A. J. F. Behrends, D. D., in Christian Work.

No Grindstones.

"Do you keep grindstones?" the customer asked of the jeweller.

"Grindstones?" said the jeweller.

"Yes; you know those stones that look something like diamonds," the customer said.

"Ah!" said the jeweller, unbending somewhat. "Possibly you mean Rhinestones."

"Yes," said the customer, I mean Rhinestones."

"No," said the jeweller, suavely, "we don't keep them."—New York Sun.

His Misplaced Proposition.

The villain gnashed his gleaming teeth with the grating sound of the breaking up of an ice gorge.

"Ha, ha! my proud beauty," he hissed, "I will not bring you to the dust!"

The proud beauty smiled a wan little smile.

"Never," she twittered. "You are on the wrong tack. The man to win me must bring the dust to me."—Cincinnati Tribune.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D. I want no money. Address JAS. A. HARMON, Box 156, Delray, Mich.

The Farmstead.

TUBERCULOSIS IN CATTLE.

Work Done by the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture.

Of recent years energetic measures have been taken through legislative enactments to stamp out the infectious disease, bovine tuberculosis, in the United States, and many cattle have been killed to prevent the disease from spreading. The disease has been known for many centuries, but it was not until 1882 that the bacillus of tuberculosis was discovered by Prof. Robert Koch. It is shown that in France five animals are tuberculous in every 1,000; in Belgium, 4 per cent; in England it varies from 1 to 26 per cent, according to locality; in Holland, 4 to 19 per cent; among 2,273,547 head of cattle, chiefly steers, slaughtered for beef in various meat inspection districts of the United States, from May 15, 1891 to March 1, 1892, only 492, or .02 per cent, were found tuberculous. For the year ending December 31, 1889, there were found in the same districts among 54,158 cows, 669 cases of tuberculosis, or 1.23 per cent.

In view of the prevalence of this disease among milch cows, the report of the work done under the auspices of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture upon the infectiousness of milk from tuberculous cows with no lesion of the udder, is of much value. It is a book of 176 pages, with microscopic illustrations, and the services of leading specialists were enlisted by the committee, Messrs. Thomas Motley, E. F. Bowditch, Jacob C. Rogers, and Francis H. Appleton, in the investigations. The fact is given that the disease is more common in cows over six years old than any other class of neat stock. Tables given show that Tuberculosis is rare in some localities among cattle, particularly in the South. In New England the mild climate of that which is known as the "south shore" is less favorable for its development than the more rigorous climate of Maine, New Hampshire and Eastern Massachusetts. It is kept pretty well under in Maine. A table given presents the facts that in the practice of thirty-nine veterinarians, representing seventeen states, most of them reporting for one year only, there occurred 549 cases of tuberculosis, 242 suspicious cases, a total of 791, among 165 herds, containing in round numbers 3,000 animals. The report shows that bovine tuberculosis is quite a common disease, and says that the time is not far distant when action must be taken to prevent its spread among cattle, as well as to protect consumers from tuberculous beef and dairy products. Mr. Harold C. Ernst gives in concluding the report these facts:

1. While the transmission of tuberculosis by milk is probably not the most important means by which the disease is propagated, it is something to be guarded against most carefully.

2. The possibility of milk from tuberculous udders containing the infectious element, is undeniable.

3. With the evidence presented, it is equally undeniable that milk from diseased cows, with no appreciable lesion of the udder may, and not infrequently does, contain the bacillus of the disease.

4. Therefore, all such milk should be condemned for food.

Dr. Nocard says: "It is exceptional that milk from tuberculous animals is dangerous, and in such cases as it is dangerous, it is so to a very slight extent."

Reports are made of the transmission of tuberculous disease to children, by sucking from consumptives.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Of What Did the Horse Die?

J. S. F., M. D., Oklahoma:—The editor can only form an opinion as to the cause of the death of your horse from the description you give. It seems evident that the horse died of enteritis, resultant upon an attack of spasmodic colic. This is superinduced by food that has turned sour upon the stomach; cold water given too freely, while the animal is warm, and foreign bodies in the bowels, and other causes. Water when swallowed by the horse passes through the stomach at once, along the small intestines, to gain the caecum, a large gut or pouch holding some gallons. The increased constructive muscular rise in griping pains, and if this morbid action keeps up for a few hours, inflammation or enteritis sets in. The suffering of the animal is indicated in early stages by pawing, striking or pawing with the front feet, throws himself down, and exhibits other manifestations of pain. The horse must receive immediate attention. A good remedy is sulphuric ether and laudanum, of each 2 ozs., in half a pint of linseed oil. Other remedies are: Chloral hydrate, 3 ozs.; morphia, 10 grains. Give in syrup and water, and repeat every two hours until relief comes. If the above drugs cannot be obtained at once, give half a pint of whisky in hot water, and repeat if relief is not obtained in an hour. The abdomen should be rubbed with mustard water, and the belly covered with a blanket. Enteritis is not a frequent disease. It is rare, in fact. When this exists, opium is relied upon one to two drachms every four hours. The bots of which you speak were, the editor believes, not the cause of the pain. Bots do but little harm, and instances where it was supposed they did harm are very rare. In many places, among those not conversant with the nature of bots, it is supposed they frequently kill horses, but this has been proven erroneous by investigation of the best practitioners.

Hoven or Blont.

C. S. S., Colorado: To prevent cattle from bloating when turned into clover they should not be permitted in the field more than fifteen minutes the first day, and a little longer time each subsequent day, but during the first week they should not be permitted to graze on any day more than half an hour. After a week's time they may go regularly on the clover. Cattle that have been used to dry food or fodder during the winter are apt to bloat on new clover, if they are allowed to eat all they wish at first. Grass is generate, and unless something is done at once, they will die of suffocation. A half pound of Epsom salts and one pint of linseed oil, raw, should be given when an animal is distressed from bloating. If this does not give relief, a trocar should be plunged into the rumen, and the gas allowed to escape through the canula. If the trocar is not to be had, use a knife, beginning midway between the last rib on the left side, and the spine of the haunch bone, and from four to six inches from the back bone, cutting downward until the opening is sufficiently large to admit the hand Then run a stitch through from the skin to the inner part of the stomach, at the lower portion of the cut, so that the contents of the stomach may not escape into the cavity of the abdomen. Turn out the contents of the stomach with the hand; clean the edges of the wound properly; then sew up first the coat of the stomach, turning the edges in and treat the outer wound in the usual manner. Apply a pitch plaster to the wound, and feed the animal on small quantities of gruel for a few days. The process named is recommended by Dr. Lloyd V. Teller.

How Far Apart.

R. R., jr., Tennessee:—The editor can not tell you just how far apart different kinds of watermelons should be planted to keep them from mixing. The distance should be sufficient, so that the wind cannot carry the pollen from one set of vines to another. Perhaps

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS ABOUT THE HOLY GHOST.

Without This Interpreter the Bible Cannot be Understood—Is the Comforter of Many Weary Hearts.

New York, March 25.—When Dr. Talmage ascended the platform of the Academy of Music Sunday afternoon he faced an audience quite as large as any that had assembled in the great building since these services began, while several thousand others were outside unable to secure seats or even standing room. He took for his subject "Tongues of Fire," the text selected being Acts xix. 2: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

The word ghost, which means a soul or spirit, has been degraded in common parlance. We talk of ghosts as baleful and frightful, and in a frivolous or superstitious way. But my text speaks of a Ghost who is omnipotent and divine, and everywhere present; and ninety-one times in the New Testament called the Holy Ghost. The only time I ever heard this text preached from was in the opening days of my ministry, when a glorious old Scotch minister came up to help me in my village church. On the day of my ordination and installation he said: "If you get into the corner of a Saturday night without enough sermons for Sunday, send for me, and I will come and preach for you." The fact ought to be known that the first three years of a pastor's life are appallingly arduous.

No other profession makes the twentieth part of the demand on a young man. If a secular speaker prepares one or two speeches for a political campaign, it is considered arduous. If a lecturer prepares one lecture for a year he is thought to have done well. But a young pastor has two sermons to deliver every Sabbath, before the same audience, besides all of his other work; and the most of ministers never recover from the awful nervous strain of the first three years. Be sympathetic with all young ministers, and withhold your criticisms.

My aged Scotch friend responded to my first call, and came and preached from the text that I now announce. I remember nothing but the text. It was the last sermon he ever preached. On the following Saturday he was called to his heavenly reward. But I remember just how he appeared, as, leaning over the pulpit, he looked into the face of the audience, and with earnestness and pathos and electric force, asked them in the words of my text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" The office of this present discourse is to open a door, to unveil a Personage, to introduce a Force, not sufficiently recognized. He is as great as God. He is God. The second verse of the first chapter of the Bible introduces him: Genesis i. 2: "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." That is, as an albatross or an eagle spreads her wings over her young, and warms them into life, and teaches them to fly; so the Eternal Spirit spread his great, broad, radiant wings over this earth in its callow and unfledged state, and warmed it into life, and fluttered over it, and sent it winging its way through immensity. It is the top of all beautiful and sublime suggestiveness. Can you not almost see the outspread wings over the nest of young worlds? "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Another appearance of the Holy Ghost was at Jerusalem, during a great feast. Strangers speaking seventeen different languages were present from many parts of the world. But in one house they heard what seemed like the coming of a cyclone, or a hurricane. It made the trees bend, and the houses quake. The cry was, "What is this?" And then a forked flame of fire tipped each forehead; and what with the blast of wind and the dropping fire, a panic took place, until Peter explained that it was neither cyclone nor conflagration, but the brilliance, and annointing, and baptismal power of the Holy Ghost.

That scene was partially repeated in a forest when Rev. John Easton was preaching. There was the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, and the people looked to the sky to see if there were any signs of a storm, but it was a clear sky; yet the sound of the wind was so great that horses, frightened, broke loose from their fastenings, and the whole assembly felt that the sound was supernatural and Pentecostal. Oh, what an infinite, and almighty, and glorious personage is the Holy Ghost. He brooded this planet into life, and now that through sin it has become a dead world, he will brood it the second time into life. Perilous attempts would be a comparison between the three persons of the Godhead. They are equal, but there is some consideration which attaches itself to the third person of Trinity, the Holy Ghost that does not attach itself to either God the Father or God the Son. We may grieve God the Father and grieve God the Son, and be forgiven, but we are directly told that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which shall never be forgiven, either in this world or in the world to come. And it is wonderful that while on the street you hear the name of God and Jesus Christ used in profanity, you never hear the words Holy Ghost. This hour I speak of the Holy Ghost as Biblical interpreter, as a human reconstructor, as a solace for the broken-hearted, as a preacher's reinforcement.

The Bible is a mas of contradictions, an affirmation of impossibilities, unless the Holy Ghost helps us to understand it. The Bible says of itself, that the scripture is not for "private interpretation," but "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"; that is, not private interpretation. Pile on your study table all the commentaries of the Bible—Matthew Henry, and Scott, and Adam Clarke, and Albert Barnes, and Bush, and Alexander, and all the archaeologies, and all the Bible dictionaries, and all the maps of Palestine, and all the International Series of Sunday School Lessons; and if that is all, you will not understand the deeper and grander meanings of the Bible so well as that Christian mountaineer, who, Sunday morning, after having shaken down the fodder for the cattle, comes into his cabin, takes up his well known Bible, and with a prayer that stirs the heavens, asks for the Holy Ghost to unfold the book.

No more unreasonable would I be if I should take up the "Novoe Vremya" of St. Petersburg, all printed in Russian, and say: "There is no sense in this newspaper, for I cannot understand one line of all its columns," than for any man to take up the Bible, and, without getting Holy Ghost illumination as to its meaning, say: "This book insults my common sense. I cannot understand it. Away with the incongruity." No one but the Holy Ghost, who inspired the Scriptures, can explain the Scriptures. Fully realize that and you will be as enthusiastic a lover of the old Book as my venerable friend who told me in Philadelphia last week that he was reading the Bible through the fifty-ninth time, and it became more attractive and thrilling every time he went through it. In the saddle bags that hung across my horse's back as I rode from Jerusalem down to the Dead Sea, and up to Damascus, I had all the books about Palestine that I could carry; but many a man on his knees in the privacy of his own room has had flashed upon him more vivid appreciation of the Word of God than many a man who has visited all the scenes of Christ's birth, and Paul's eloquence, and Peter's imprisonment, and Joshua's prowess, and Elijah's ascension. I do not depreciate any of the helps for Bible study, but I do say that they all together come infinitely short without a direct communication from the throne of God, in response to prayerful solicitation. We may find many interesting things about the Bible without especial illumination, as how many horses Solomon had in his stables, or how long was Noah's ark, or who was the only woman whose full name is given in the Scriptures, or which is the middle verse of the Bible, and all that will do you no more good than to be able to tell how many bean poles there are in your neighbor's garden.

Th elearned Earl of Chatham heard the famous Mr. Cecil preach about the Holy Ghost, and said to a friend on the way home from church, "I could not understand it; and do you suppose anybody understood it?" "Oh, yes," said his Christian friend, "there were uneducated women and some little children present who understood it." I warrant you that the English soldier had under supernal influence read the Book, for after the battle of Inkermann was over he was found dead with his handglued to the page of the open Bible by his own blood, and the words adhered to his hands as they buried him: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in Me, though dead yet shall he live."

Next consider the Holy Ghost as a human reconstructor. We must be made over again. Christ and Nicodemus talked about it. Theologians call it regeneration. I do not care what you call it, but we have to be reconstructed by the Holy Ghost. We become new creatures, hating what we once loved, and loving what we once hated. If sin were a luxury, it must become a detestation. If we preferred bad associations. We must prefer good associations. In most cases it is such a complete change that the world notices the difference, and begins to ask, "What has come over that man? Whom has he been with? What has so affected him? What has ransacked his entire nature? What has turned him square about?" Take two pictures of Paul; one on the road to Damascus to kill the disciples of Christ; the other on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. Come nearer home, and look at the man who found his chief delight in a low class of club rooms, hiccupping around the card table, and then stumbling down the front steps after midnight, and staggering homeward; and that same man, one week afterward, with his family in the pew to a prayer meeting. What has done it? It must be something tremendous. It must be God. It must be the Holy Ghost.

Notice the Holy Ghost as the solacer of broken hearts. Christ calls him the Comforter. Nothing does the world so much want as comfort. The most of people have been abused, misrepresented, cheated, lied about, swindled, bereft. What is needed is balsam for the wounds, lantern for dark roads, rescue from maligning pursuers, a lift from the marble slab of tombstones. Lift to most has been of failure. They have not gotten what they wanted. They have not reached that which they started for. Friends betray. Change of business-stand loses old custom, and does not bring enough custom to make up for the loss. Health becomes precarious when one most needs strong muscle, and steady nerve, and clear brain.

Out of this audience of thousands, if I should ask all those who have been unhurt in the struggle of life to stand up, or all standing to hold up their right hand, not one would move. Oh, how much need the Holy Ghost as comforter. He recites the sweet gospel promises to the hardly bestead. He assures of mercy mingled with the severities. He consoles with thoughts of coming release. He tells of a heaven where tear is never wept, and burden is never carried, and injustice is never suffered. Comfort for all the young people who are maltreated at home, or receive insufficient income, or are robbed of their schooling, or kept back from positions they have earned by the putting forward of others less worthy. Comfort for all these men and women midway in the path of life, worn out with what they have gone through, and with no brightening future. Comfort for these aged ones amid many infirmities, and who feel themselves to be in the way in the home of business which themselves established with their own grit.

The Holy Ghost comfort, I think, generally comes in the shape of a soliloquy. You find yourselves saying to yourself, "Well, I ought not to go on this way about my mother's death. She had suffered enough. She had borne other people's burdens long enough. I am glad that father and mother are together in heaven, and that Jesus will be waiting to greet us, and it will be only a little while, anyhow, and God makes no mistakes;" or you soliloquize, saying: "It is hard to lose my property. I am sure I worked long enough for it. But God will take care of us, and as to the children, the money might have spoiled them, and we find that those who have to struggle for themselves generally turn out best, and it will all be well if this upsetting of our worldly resources leads us to lay up treasures in heaven."

Or you soliloquize, saying: "It was hard to give up that boy when the Lord took him. I expected great things of him, and oh, how we miss him out of the house, and there are so many things I come across that make one think of him, and he was such a splendid fellow; but then what an escape he has made from the temptations and sorrows which come to all the world, and it is a grand thing to have him safe from all possible harm, and there are those Bible promises for parents who have lost children, and we shall feel in drawing heavenward that we could not have otherwise experienced." And after you have said that you get that relief which comes from an outburst of tears.

I do not say to you, Do not pray, do not cry. God pity people in trouble who have the parched eyeball, and the dry evelid, and cannot shed a tear. That makes matters worse. God's people tears are the dews of the night dashed with sunshine. I am so glad you can weep. But you think these things you say to yourself are only soliloquies. No, no. They are the Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost.

Notice, also, the Holy Ghost as the preacher's reinforcement. You and I have known preachers encyclopedic in knowledge, brilliant as an incense when the sun smites it, and with Chesterfieldian address, and rhetorical hand uplifted with diamond big enough to dazzle an assembly, and so surcharged with vocabulary, that when they left this life it might be said of each of them as De Quincy said of another, that in the act of dying he committed a robbery, absconding with a valuable polyglot dictionary, yet no awakening, or converting, or sanctifying result, while some plain man, with humblest phraseology, has seen audiences whelmed with religious influence. It was the Holy Ghost. What a useful thing it would be if every minister would give the history of his sermons.

Years ago, at an outdoor meeting in the state of New York, I preached to many thousands. There had been much prayer on the grounds for a great outpouring of the Holy Ghost at that service, and the awakening power exceeded anything I ever witnessed since I began to preach, with perhaps the exception of two or three occasions. Clergymen and Christian workers by the score and hundreds expressed themselves as having been blessed during that service. That afternoon I took the train for an outdoor meeting in the state of Ohio, where I was to preach on the night of the next day. As the sermon had proved so useful the day before, and the theme was fresh in my mind, I resolved to reproduce it, and did reproduce it as far as I could, but the result was nothing at all. Never had I seemed to have anything to do with a flatter failure. What was the difference between the two services? Some will say, "You were tired with a long journey." No, I was not tired at all. Some will say, "The temporal circumstances in the first case were more favorable than in the last. No, they were more favorable in the last. The difference was in the power of the Holy Ghost; mightily present in the first service; not seemingly present at all at the second. I call upon the ministers of America to give the history of sermons, for I believe it will illustrate as nothing else can the truth of that Scripture, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

On the Sabbath of the dedication of one of our churches in Brooklyn, at the morning service 328 souls stood up to profess Christ. They were the converts in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where we had been worshiping. The reception of so many members, and many of them baptized by immersion, had made it an arduous service, which continued from half-past 10 in the morning until half-past 2 in the afternoon. From that service we went home exhausted; because there is nothing so exhausting as deep emotion. A messenger was sent out to obtain a preacher for that night, but the search was unsuccessful, as all the ministers were engaged for some other place. With no preparation at all for the evening service, except the looking in Cruden's Concordance for a text, and feeling almost too weary to stand up, I began the service, saying audibly while the opening song was being sung, although because of the singing no one but God heard it: "Oh, Lord, thou knowest my insufficiency for this service. Come down in gracious power upon this people." The place was shaken with the divine presence. As far as we could find out, over four hundred persons were converted that night. Hear it, all young men entertaining the ministry, hear it, all Christian workers: it was the Holy Ghost.

In the Second Reformed church of Somerville, N. J., in my boyhood days, Mr. Osborne, the evangelist, came to hold a special service. I see him now as he stood in the pulpit. Before he announced his text, and before he uttered a word of his sermon, strong men wept aloud, and it was like the day of judgment. It was the Holy Ghost.

In 1857 the electric telegraph bore strange messages. "My dear parents will rejoice to hear that I have found peace with God." Another read: "Dear Mother:—The work continues, and I, too, have been converted." Another read: "At last, I find rest and peace." In Vermont a religious meeting was singing the hymn, "Waiting and Watching for Me." The song rolled out in the night air, and a man halted and said: "I wonder if there will be any one waiting and watching for me?" It started him heavenward. What was it? The Holy Ghost. In that 1857, Jaynes' hall, Philadelphia, and Fulton street prayer meeting, New York, telegraphed each other the number of souls saved, and the rising of the devotional tides. Noon-day prayer meetings were held in all the cities. Ships came into the harbor, captain and all the sailors saved on that voyage. Police and fire departments met in their rooms for divine worship. At Albany the legislature of the state of New York assembled in the rooms of the Court of Appeals for religious services. Congressional union prayer meeting was opened at Washington. From whence came the power? From the Holy Ghost. That power shook New York. That power shook America. That power shook the Atlantic ocean. That power shook the earth. That power could shake this entire audience into the peace of the gospel quicker than you could lift your eyes heavenward. Come, Holy Ghost! Come Holy Ghost! Come Holy Ghost! He is here! I feel him in my heart. There are thousands who feel him in their hearts, convicting some, saving some, sanctifying some.

The difference in evangelical usefulness is not so much a difference in brain, in scholarship, or elocutionary gifts, as in Holy Ghost power. You will not have much surprise at the extraordinary career of Charles G. Finney as a soul-winner, if you know that soon after his conversion he had this experience of the Paraclete. He says:

"As I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it; without even having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me; without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Ghost descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love, for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love. These waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after the other, until I recall I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.'"

Now, my hearers, let 500 of us, whether clerical or lay workers, get such a divine visitation as that, and we could take this world for God before the clock of the next century strikes one.

How many marked instances of Holy Ghost power! When a black trumpeter took his place in Whitefield's audience, proposing to blow the trumpet at a certain point in the service, and put everything into derision, somehow the most get-heavenly prompt to his lips, and at the close of the meeting he sought out the preacher and asked for his prayers. It was the Holy Spirit. What was the matter with Hedley Vicars, the mercenary soldier, when he sat with his Bible before him in a tent, and his deriding comrades came in and jeered, saying, "Turned Methodist, eh?" And another said, "You hypocrite! Bad as you were, I never thought you would come to this, old fellow." And then he became the soldier evangelist, and when a soldier in another regiment, hundreds of miles away, telegraphed his spiritual anxieties to Hedley Vicars, saying, "What shall I do?" Vicars telegraphed as a thrilling a message as ever went over the wires: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." What power was being felt? It was the Holy Ghost. And what more appropriate? for the Holy Ghost is a "tongue of fire," and the electricity that flies along the wires is a tongue of fire.

And that reminds me of what I might do now. From the place where I stand on this platform there are invisible wires or lines of influence stretching to every heart in all the seats on the main floor, and up into the boxes and galleries, and there are other innumerable wires or lines of influence reaching out from this place into the vast beyond, and across continents, and under the seas, for in frequent journeys around the world I did not find a country where I had not been preaching the gospel for many years through the printing press. So, as a telegraph operator sits or stands at a key, and at point sends all messages in all directions, and you only hear the click, click, click of the electric apparatus, but the telegrams go on their errands. God help me now to touch the right key, and send the right message along the right wires to the right places! Who shall I first call up? To whom shall I send the message? I guess I will send the first to the tired, wherever they are, for there are so many tired souls. Here goes the Christly message: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary, and I will give you rest." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will be to the fatherless and widows, and here goes God's message: "Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me."

Who next shall I call up? I guess my next message will be to those who have buried members of their own families, and here it goes: "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will go to those who think themselves too bad to be saved. Here it goes: "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto God, who will abundantly pardon." Who next shall I call up? I guess it will be for those who may think they have not yet touched their case. Here it goes: "Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever will, let him come." And now may God turn on all the electric power into this gospel battery for the last tremendous message, so that it may thrill through this assemblage, and through all the earth. Just six words will compose the message, and I touch the key: "Jesus died" battery just six times and the message has gone! Away! Away it flies! And the message is: "Have you received the Holy Ghost? That is, do you feel his power? Has he enabled you to sorrow over a wasted life, and take full pardon from the crucified Christ, and turned wide open the gates of a welcoming heaven?

We appeal to thee, oh Holy Ghost, who didst turn the Philippian jailer, and Saul of Tarsus, and Lydia of Thyatira, and helped John Bunyan out of darkness when, as he described it, "Down fell I as a bird shot from the top of a tree, into fearful despair, but was relieved by the comfortable word, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," and helped John Knox when standing at the helm of the ship in a midnight hurricane, and mightier than the waves that swept the decks came over him the memory of his blasphemous and licentious life, and he cried out, "My mother's God, have mercy on me!" and helped one nearer home, even me, De Witt Talmage, at about 18 years of age, that Sunday night, in the lovely village of Blawenburg, N. J., when I could not sleep because the questions of eternal destiny seized hold of me, and has helped me ever since to use as most expressive of my own feelings:

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I one was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO.

How to Cure Yourself While Using It.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco, to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. Baco-Curo is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin Physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure, purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want, while taking Baco-Curo, it will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to permanently cure any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent interest. Baco-Curo is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke. Sold by all druggists, with our ironclad guarantee, at $1.00 per box, three boxes, (thirty days treatment,) $2.50, or sent direct upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX, BOOKLET AND PROOFS FREE. Eureka Chemical & Manufacturing Company, Manufacturing Chemists, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

THE REASONS WHY

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites is so useful in all wasting diseases, such as Consumption, Anæmia, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, and Marasmus and Rickets in children, is because it furnishes to the depleted blood the fattening and enriching properties of the oil, and to the bones and nervous system the phosphorescent and vitalizing properties of the Hypophosphites, which together nourish the body arrest the progress of the disease, and commence a process of repair that finally means restored health and vigor.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

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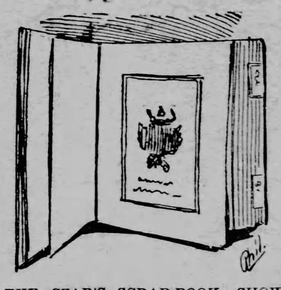
BURPEE'S BRIGHT RED BOOK

"Bright alike outside and inside." Mailed FREE on application. With each copy we will send (flat) a beautiful painting of New Sweet Peas until the 500,000 have all been called for. Send a postal to-day. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philada.

ACME OF BOOKMAKING.

A Scrapbook Shipped From New York to the Czar of Russia.

Count Cantacuzene, Russia's ambassador to the United States, has just shipped to the czar four volumes, made to the imperial order, which are genuine curiosities of bookmaking, and will attract the attention of bibliophiles all over the world. The smallest book in America is probably the miniature dictionary just issued by F. A. Stokes' company, which is enclosed in a metallic case, with a lid of microscopic glass, through which the print, duly magnified, can be read. The biggest book on the continent is the "Antiphonale," in the Astor library. It is three feet two inches by two feet. Until the czar's scrapbooks were made, "The Sacred Book of Omens," a gorgeous Siamese work, also in the Astor library, was said to be the oddest book seen hereabouts. But these memorial volumes, actually hand-made,



THE CZAR'S SCRAP-BOOK, SHOWING DEDICATION.

by Mr. Henry Romeike, on specifications prescribed by the czar's representative in America, seem now to compete for that honor. They are 15 by 17 1-2 inches in size, and 4 1-2 inches thick. Three of them bound in black seal with purple silk linings, and the fourth done in red seal with white linings, with massive clasps of gold and silver.

No finer specimens of the bookbinder's art have been seen here, but it is the nature of their contents and the method of their manufacture which makes the czar's scrapbooks so interesting. The three bound in black seal contain each 100 pages of plate paper, on which have been pasted with infinite pains clippings from the American newspapers and magazines relating to the last illness, death and obsequies of the Czar Alexander III. On the frontispiece of these volumes appears the imperial coat of arms of Russia, with the Latin inscription, suggested by an emi-

THE CZAR'S SCRAP-BOOKS, SHOWING THE CLASPS.

nent American classical scholar, Prof. W. H. Bocock, of the University of Georgia, as follows:

Alexandro III. Patri Atque Principi
Integro Vitae Scelerisque Puro.

On the clasps of each is engraved a fac simile of the late emperor's cipher, a crown and "A. III." The fourth book, in red seal, is specially intended for the eyes of the Czar Nicholas, and contains the cream of comment in the American newspapers on his marriage, with many pictures of himself and his bride, gleaned by the Romeike bureau from thousands of journals, and forming a unique collection. The gold clasps of this volume show the cipher of the present czar, "N. II." Koch Sons & Co., the album makers, spent two weeks in the mechanical putting together of the books, Shiebler & Co., silversmiths, doing the metallic work.

The heraldic work and the engrossing, which are rarely beautiful and were executed under the supervision of the Russian consul, were done by Miss Amelia Ritterhof. The memorial volumes presented to the Pope on the occasion of his golden jubilee, bound in white calf, containing engrossed resolutions, etc., were greatly admired at the time. They were made under the direction of Mr. J. W. Latham, of Koch & Co., who has just finished the binding of the second scrap-book of American press clippings ever made for a foreign potentate.

This was made for the Emperor Frederick, of Germany. The pen of the untrammeled newspaper man is indeed a sceptre in itself. There is special interest in this connection in the fact that Mr. Henry Romeike, to whom the czar sent the order, is himself a Russian by birth.—John Paul Bocock, in the New York Press.

To Make Pure Blood

There is no medicine before the people equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the standard spring medicine and blood purifier and it possesses peculiar merit which others try in vain to reach. It really makes the weak strong. Do not neglect to purify your blood this spring. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c per box.

RAILWAY VELOCIPEDE.

A Machine Which is Adapted for Use on Railroads.

The railway velocipede, shown in the accompanying illustration from the Engineering News, is an adaptation of the design of the safety bicycle to track service, the machine having a flanged tire on the front wheel and a blind tire on the rear wheel, and being held upright by a brace carrying a small guide wheel, with flanged tire running on the opposite rail. The larger wheels are 24 inches diameter, with 32 tangent spokes of No. 12 wire, and the rims are of No. 16 steel, with an outward bead on the outer edge and an inward bead at the middle, to increase the stiffness. The small wheel is 11 inches diameter, and is journaled on the end of a pivoted arm, which, by unhooking the end of the brace rod from the back of the frame, may be swung back against the frame for shipment in a baggage car, or on the platform of a passenger car. The space

A RAILWAY VELOCIPEDE.

occupied, when thus folded, is only 6 feet by 1 foot 6 inches, a little more than that required for a road bicycle.

The flanges of the front wheel and guide wheel are of standard outline, and the flat tire of the rear wheel is wide enough to eliminate all danger of slipping off the rail. The frame holds the two wheels rigidly in line, but the rider can guide the front wheel on curves and at frogs and switches, and so secure easy riding with less wear on the flanges and less liability to derailment at worn switches and frogs than where the flanges are relied upon to do all the guiding, as in the ordinary style of track velocipede. The wheels have rubber bands three inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick on the tread, which make the machine run easily without jar, and also without noise, so that the rider can catch the sound of approaching trains, while they also make the machine run more safely at high speed when the rails are wet or frosty.

The hubs have ball bearings of the latest dust-proof pattern, and the bearings, cranks and pedals, driving chain and gearing saddle, handle bars, and other parts are of standard patterns, as used on road bicycles, so that repairs and renewals can be readily made at bicycle stores. A tool box can be hung from the top horizontal bar of the frame, and a front seat and footrest can be attached to the front vertical bar for carrying a second rider. The weight of the machine is fifty-five pounds, or sixty pounds with the second seat attached.

For Strengthening and Clearing the Voice, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—"I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Modern Pup.

Mrs. Highfli—Oh, dear, there come the children. I must get Fido out of the house.

Visitor—Do you feel afraid to have him with the children?

Mrs. Highfli—Mercy, yes! He is so bright he'd be taking up some of their rude ways next thing!—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

She Ought To.

Tagleigh—That girl dresses out of sight, doesn't she?

Wagleigh—Of course she does. Where would you have her dress?—New York World.

SCIENTIFIC MEN IN DISPUTE.

Some Believe and Some Deny That a New Element Has Been Discovered.

Doubtless the "sensation" in science for the year 1894 was the announcement made to the British Association by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay, scientists of the first rank, that they had discovered a new constituent of the atmosphere, which they have named argon, says the Baltimore Sun. In redetermining the density of gases Lord Rayleigh found a constant difference between nitrogen obtained from the air and nitrogen chemically produced by well known methods. The latter is the lighter and his lordship takes it for the standard. The greater density of atmospheric nitrogen he explains as due to the presence of a hitherto unrecognized gas having a density nearly half as great again as nitrogen. A peculiarity of it is its refusal to enter into any kind of chemical combination. The discovery has been received with some incredulity. The absolute inertness of the alleged new element has been cited against it. It has been said to be only a variety of nitrogen—as graphite and coal are varieties of carbon. Professor Ramsay, well known widely for his work in the liquefaction of gases, has vigorously ridiculed the new element. But on the other hand, Lord Kelvin, another scientist of greater eminence, at the recent meeting of the Royal Society accepted the existence of the new element as completely established and hailed its discovery as one of the greatest achievements of the age. Thus the matter stands. The weight of the authority is, perhaps, on the affirmative side in the discussion over the new body, but the negative counts many formidable names. Till the doctors agree the public will need to consider its existence in doubt.

Not Great, but Strong.

We are too apt to be satisfied with what we know, instead of going on to do what we have learned. Food will nourish, but it takes food and exercise together to make strength; and that is what we all want—strength. Not to be "great" Christians, but strong Christians. There is many a weak, puny arm that is feeble simply because it has not been raised for the right. There are many feet too tender for the ground because they have not been running with glad tidings for the needy. There are hearts that throb faintly because they have not been exercised with sympathy, and there are lips that are almost dumb merely because they have not spoken the cheering, helpful word for Christ that somebody needed to hear.—Churchman (Episcopal).

Prima Facie.

"Thar is the place whar the major fell through the ice."

"How do you know?"

"Easy enough. Just look at that cork floating yander."—Atlanta Constitution.

Oblivion.

A man one time a good thing had
Which people would have prized
But he never sold a single one,
For he never advertised.
—Printers' Ink.

"COLD SHIVERS" Demand a warming, pain-subduing plaster, as well as hot drinks and baths. Nothing warms up like Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.

You Dye in 30 minutes

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FRENCH DYE CO., Vassar, Mich.

HE WAS THE "BUFFER."

Sang Froid of a Typical English Sentry on Duty.

A certain popular general takes great delight in talking to young soldiers, especially when he is not recognized, says the London Weekly Telegraph. One day a Lancashire recruit was posted as sentry on the general's quarters. One of the servants gave him something to eat. A moment later a short, elderly man, attired in a tweed suit and gaiters, with his billycock tilted over his eyes, came up.

"What dost ta want heer?" said the sentry.

"Oh, I belong here," said the stranger. "And what are you doing, eating on sentry?"

"Naw, I'm not. If tha had been two minutes later, I wud had been fair on ta job tha knaws."

"What have you got—bread and ham?"

"Naw, guess agin."

"Bread and beef?"

"Nay, its not; guess agin," said the sentry.

"Well, then its bread and mutton."

"Eh, tha's reet. Wull tha ha a bite?"

"Thanks, no," said the stranger. "But as you don't appear to know me, try and guess who I am."

"Eh, tha's a' reet. Tha's general's groom."

"You're wrong; try again."

"Well, tha moight be general's butler."

"No, but you are getting nearer."

"Eh! thow moight be th'owd buffer hisself."

"Right," said the stranger. "I am the old buffer himself."

"Eh!" gasped the sentry, shaking violently and holding out the food. "Howd this while I gie thee a chuck up ('Present arms')."

The general turned away to hide a smile he could not suppress at the sentry's confusion. A few days later, at his inspection, the general said he had met men at different times and places who failed to recognize him and hoped it would not occur in future. Our Lancashire lad, who expected to get severely punished, was heard to say: "He's not very big, but he is every inch a soger, tha knows."

The Atmosphere of Love.

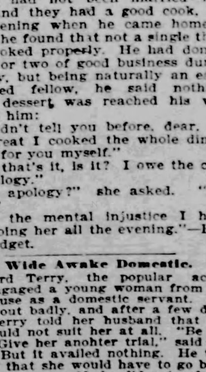
Is a pure, sweet breath. This desideratum is one of the results of using SOZODONT, which not only invigorates and preserves the teeth, but renders the mouth as fragrant as a rose.

GET UP, HORSEY!

A Machine for Indoor Exercise—Imitates All Equine Gaits.

There is a good deal of pleasure and health to be got out of a very ingenious apparatus by means of which the enormous hygienic advantages of horseback riding may be obtained without stirring from under one's own roof.

By a skillful mechanical arrangement the movements of a horse, in trotting, cantering, or galloping are imparted to a saddle, upon which a lady or gentleman may sit with perfect comfort and safety, blandly confident that, although they are enjoying to the full all the pleasure and healthi-giving motion of riding on horseback there is no fear of their mount rearing, or bolting, or kicking, or jibbing, or behaving like the famous trick horse from the circus, which poor Mr. Briggs bought in all innocence of its playful



HORSE RIDING AT HOME.

habit of sitting down on its haunches when a band played "God Save the Queen."

The motion obtained from the saddle, as in actual horse riding, is vertical, and is produced by the rider rising on the stirrups or foot boards as if seated upon a horse, and under all the conditions, whether the motion be gentle or that of a trot or gallop the rider is perfectly secure in his or her seat, so that the advantages of real horse exercise can be enjoyed with none of its inevitable risks.

Of course the primary value of the invention is for the preservation of health, and it is no small thing that people with sluggish livers, people of sedentary occupations or habits, or with bad digestion or slow circulation should be able to obtain this healthy stimulus without the necessity of facing bad weather, or the expense of keeping a horse.

By opening the window when taking the exercise the illusion is almost perfect, and the motion is so pleasant and realistic that not merely valetudinarians or amateurs chant its praises, but the chorus includes professional riders, sporting men and women, members of the medical profession, and others who are able to judge the value of the invention from the standpoint of the scientist and the expert.

The Queen says that for those who can not ride on horseback it is an excellent training; for those who can a capital method of keeping in practice, for the invalid it is a valuable hygienic apparatus, for the robust a source of healthy amusement, and for all a safe and pleasant pastime.

It Was Her Own Cooking.

They had not been married very long, and they had a good cook, but one evening when he came home to dinner he found that not a single thing was cooked properly. He had done a stroke or two of good business during the day, but being naturally an easy-tempered fellow, he said nothing. When dessert was reached his wife said to him:

"I didn't tell you before, dear, but as a treat I cooked the whole dinner to-day for you myself."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I owe the cook an apology."

"An apology?" she asked. "For what?"

"For the mental injustice I have been doing her all the evening."—Boston Budget.

A Wide Awake Domestic.

Edward Terry, the popular actor, once engaged a young woman from the workhouse as a domestic servant. She turned out badly, and after a few days Mrs. Terry told her husband that the girl would not suit her at all. "Be patient. Give her another trial," said the actor. But it availed nothing. He told the girl that she would have to go back to the workhouse if she did not reform.

"No, I shan't. I'll get another situation!"

"Not without a character," said Mr. Terry.

"Oh, very well!" said the indignant domestic, with supreme contempt. "If the next comes to the worst, I can go on the stage!"—Tid-Bits.

A Misnomer.

"Why do you call me a lily?" asked the pretty soubrette.

"She toils not, neither does she spin," quoted the enamored youth.

"Toil, I believe, means to work," murmured the maiden.

Then she wished him for a pair of diamond earrings and did a pirouette to show she was no lily.—New York World.

A Consultation of Honor.

"Mr. X—— has threatened to kick me next time he meets me in company. Now, if I see him walk into the room, what am I to do?"

"Sit down!"—Gil Blas

The Sunday School.

The Triumphal Entry.

LESSON I, APRIL 7, 1895.

Golden Text—Hosanna, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Mark 11:9.

Lesson Text.

Mark 11:1-11. Memory Verses, 9-10.)

Observe connection with verses 12-26.

1. And when they came nigh to Jerusalem unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount of Olives, he sendeth forth two of his disciples,

2. And saith unto them, Go your way into the village over against you; and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him and bring him.

3. And if any man say unto you, Why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him hither.

4. And they went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without in a place where two ways met; and they loose him.

5. And certain of them that stood there said unto them, What do ye, loosing the colt?

6. And they said unto them even as Jesus had commanded; and they let them go.

7. And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and he sat upon him.

8. And many spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches of the trees, and strewed them in the way.

9. And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

10. Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.

11. And Jesus entered into Jerusalem, and into the temple; and when he had looked round about upon all things, and now the eventide was come, he went out unto Bethany with the twelve.

Illustrative Applications.

They drew nigh unto Jerusalem (v. 1). Even though "the end is not yet," we are coming to it continually. Every step in the right direction is a stage of real

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1895.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

For a few weeks longer, we will offer to any subscriber, when he sends the renewal of his subscription, who will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade, a copy of not only the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, but also his choice of any of the following books:

"Reveries of a Bachelor," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "House of the Seven Gables," "Cranford," "The Coming Race," "Dream Life," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "Essays of Elia," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Twice Told Tales," "Paul and Virginia," "Story of an African Farm," "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Lucile," "Dreams," "Black Beauty," "One of the Profession," "Sartor Resartus," "The Idyls of the King," "The Pleasures of Life," "The Lady of the Lake," "Mornings in Florence," or "Rab and His Friends." All standard works, no trash.

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Understand, we mean exactly what we say. For one dollar mailed to us, we will send the Weekly Blade one year, a copy of either of the above-named books, and a copy of the "Nasby Letters." We believe that the above offer includes more reading matter for a dollar than it is possible to buy elsewhere on earth.

We have a few copies left of "Nasby in Exile," which we will substitute in the place of the "Nasby Letters," when desired.

OUR NEW SEED OFFER.

On the fifth page of this issue we publish an offer of garden seeds to the subscribers of the Weekly Blade, of which we believe thousands will be glad to avail themselves. The seeds have been grown in Minnesota, and hence the plants will be hardy and strong in any climate. No reader of The Blade in the United States lives in so cold a region that these seeds will not give full satisfaction. Per contra, those living further south, and hence in a warmer climate, will find these seeds most excellent. They will produce more vigorous plants than seeds grown in warmer latitudes. Read the offer carefully. You never had a better opportunity to get first-class seeds so cheaply. It pays to get the best seeds of the best varieties, for the yield is larger and the product better.

PART NO. 22.

Below we give the table of contents of Part No. 22 of our art serial, "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," the coupon for which will be found in its usual place on the first page of this paper.

1—Fallen Columns.
3—General View Erechtheum.
3—East from Acropolis.
4—Pedestal of Agrippa.
5—Ancient Walls Acropolis.
6—Theatre Bacchus Dionysos.
7—Temple Aesculapius.
8—Site of Academy.
9—Gate of Ancient Archegetis.
10—Site of Oil Market.
11—Gate of Adrian.
12—Church of the Column.
13—Place de la Constitution.
14—The Schliemann Residence.
15—The Academy of Science.
16—Street from Palace.

"THE TARIFF LAW OF 1894."

We have printed the new tariff law, complete, on a 4-page extra the size of The Blade's pages.

We will send a single copy for 4 cents (two 2-cent stamps.)

Two copies for 5 cents.

Five copies for 10 cents.

Thirteen copies for 25 cents.

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CALLING JOHN BULL DOWN.

Gresham has interpellated Great Britain concerning the Nicaragua affair. Every patriotic American will endorse a proper unholding of our national dignity. Great Britain offered us a deliberate affront in neglecting to notify the state department of a move against Nicaragua, involving a threat of force, and aggravated it by the proviso that a board of arbitration be appointed in which no citizen of the United States shall be allowed to serve.

We need a vigorous assertion of the Monroe doctrine, and the course of the administration in the Alianca and Nicaragua affairs meets the cordial support of the American people. To let Great Britain get her grip on Nicaragua, by unjust exactions because of the Bluefield affair and the expulsion of Consular Agent Hatch, would be to abandon the Monroe doctrine definitely; and the American people are not willing to do this.

The farmers of the United States should put on their thinking caps, and study the following statistics: During the seven months ending with January, our exports of breadstuffs were valued at $66,809,534, a decrease of forty-five millions. The value of our exports of wheat declined from $43,867,768 to $26,937,136, of our corn from $18,033,867 to $5,216,591, and of our wheat flour from $43,956,200 to $31,878,933. That is the way the Democracy is carrying out is promise to obtain "the markets of the world" for our farmers.

The amount of money in circulation in this country on February 1 was $1,613,657,515, equal to $23.30 per capita. A year ago the per capita circulation was $25.96. This indicates the dullness of the times. Industries are stagnant, trade is quiet, and the business men do not require as much money as in brisk times. Hence it piles up in the banks instead of keeping in circulation. And there is no possible way to get it into circulation until business revives.

Now that spring is here the Easter bonnet joke may be dusted off and started on its rounds.

The solution of the problem is the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

HABITUAL DRUNKENNESS IN CITIES.

Residents of the rural districts and of the villages and smaller towns do not realize the horrible disgrace to Nineteenth century civilization which the drink traffic is in the great cities. In point of fact the routine of "drunk and disorderly" cases which come up every morning in city police courts, presenting the same sort of cases every day, is generally dismissed with the briefest mention in the daily press. A report of these cases from all the great cities, both of the United States and Great Britain, would show a remarkable sameness, except as to name. We have before us a detailed report, however, given in the Newcastle, England, Daily Chronicle, of the cases appearing before the police court of that city on Monday, March 11. The account begins thus:

As the year advances the number of appearances at the police court gradually increases and as the habitual offenders get over the financial depression consequent upon their "fling" at Christmas, they begin to return to the court in larger numbers. During the past few weeks the Monday morning's list has increased by easy stages from 16 cases to 45, which was the number on the charge sheet on Monday last. Forty one of these cases were connected with drunkenness, five being aggravated by assaults and one by fighting.

This affords a vivid idea of the amount of drunkenness in an English city. Newcastle is by no means the worst in this respect, in proportion to population. But it is to be remembered that persons are not arrested merely for being intoxicated. Intoxication of itself is not a legal offense. It must be accompanied by fighting, or some other disorderly conduct, so that the charge made by the arresting officer is "drunk and disorderly." Hence the arrests bear but a very small proportion to the number of intoxicated persons, and a still smaller one to the number of individuals who indulge in drink. The report from which we quote then goes on to give details of the various cases, from which we extract the following to give our readers some idea of the evils of the drink traffic in a large city:

A man named James Burns (aged 25) was charged with drunkenness and disorder in Silver street. The books showed that this was Burns's 40th appearance at the court, and the bench fined him 10s. and costs. He left the dock singing "White Wings, they never grow Weary," afterwards giving vent to bad language.

A young woman named Catherine Clayton, 25 years of age, made her 70th "business visit" to the court, and was fined 10s. and costs.

A youth named Peter Graham, 19 years of age, was brought before the magistrates for the 20th time, on a charge of drunkenness. A fine of 5s. and costs was imposed.

A man named Christopher Colvin (22) and two women named Bridget Creggan (27) and Cecilia Gordon (40) were charged with drunkenness in Pilgrim street.—P. C. Vass said he was on duty in Pilgrim street, on Saturday night, and he saw all the prisoners throwing stones at one another, swearing and making a great disturbance.—The man said he had been going to see a friend when the women came up to him, knocked off his hat, and asked him for some money. He refused to have anything to do with them, and that was how the disturbance began. Creggan and Gordon said it was the man's fault, and each subjected the officer to a lengthy cross-examination.—The records of each were read out. Colvin had been ten times before the bench—four times last year. Creggan had been 114 times at the court. (Laughter.)—Creggan: "It's nowt to laugh aboot, onyways." Gordon made her forty-fourth appearance.—The Bench fined each of the prisoners 10s. and costs.

A woman named Sarah Rutherford was charged with drunkenness on Saturday night, and Superintendent Findlay deposed to finding her quarreling with another woman. She had made 60 previous appearances at the court, and had just come out of prison on Saturday morning after doing a month.—The bench sent her back to gaol for a month, and she left the dock, saying "It's a good job; a month's nowt in my way."

These details shed a lurid light on the relation of the drink traffic to courts and prisons. Think of a woman of twenty-five who has been arrested seventy times for being drunk and disorderly! And of one of twenty-seven who had been arrested 114 times for the same offense! It is a shame to our boasted civilization that such things should be possible. It is true that people of this class are the slaves of appetite, and show a lamentable want of self-control; but the state does a wrong in allowing a state of things to continue which makes it possible for these to indulge in the drink habit. The law guards a man's life and property from murderers and robbers; why should it not guard him from a habit which ruins him body and soul? When it does this, it will perforce be compelled to stop, by law, the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

American farmers and dairymen are beginning to see that Democratic tariff reform is not giving them "the markets of the world" so far as regards butter. Our export trade in this article is rapidly falling off. In January exports were only 365,983 pounds, as against 838,750 pounds in January of last year. For the seven months ended with January the exports were 2,922,436 pounds, or only a little more than one-half the shipments in the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. Many people, believing the Democratic lie that reciprocity did no good, are beginning to see that its abrogation is doing much harm. The good of the enactment is now recognizable by the harm which its repeal is making.

One of the most cheering signs of the times is the growth of protection sentiment in the South. It foreshadows the early and absolute triumph of the protective idea and the complete disappearance of the tariff agitation, with all its harassing effects upon the country's business. For nearly 30 years after the founding of our government the tariff was not a party question. It did not become a party question until slavery forced it to become one; and now that slavery has vanished there is no reason why the foolish and ruinous "tariff reform" agitation, which it first gave rise to, should not bear it company into the limbo of unsound political economic doctrines.

Cleveland is taking care of the cuckoos who were turned down by their constituents at the Congressional elections last fall. "Buck" Kilgore, of Texas, whose title to fame rests on his feat of kicking down a door of the House of Representatives, has been made judge of the southern district of the Indian Territory, while the northern judgeship goes to the bounding Springer, of Illinois. Two party hacks given soft berths—that is all there is to it.

During the last four calendar years this country has exported merchandise valued at $515,330,203 in excess of all merchandise received; and in the same four years the exports of gold exceeded the imports of gold by $181,423,375. That is largely the result of our foolishness in dabbling with unsound currency schemes.

"Charlemagne was fond of hunting," says an exchange. Then that is the only point of resemblance Mr. Cleveland has to him.

If President Dole feels like getting even, he can demand the recall of Minister Willis.

WHAT DOES GREAT BRITAIN MEAN?

President James Monroe, in his annual message to Congress in 1823, referred to the then believed purpose of the "Holy Alliance" to extend the sphere of its operations to the Western Continent, using these words:

We could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing governments on this side of the Atlantic, whose independence we had acknowledged, or of controlling in any manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

In addition, he stated, "the American continents should no longer be subjects for any new colonial settlement." These utterances embrace what is known as the Monroe Doctrine, and recent events in Central and South America indicate the possibility that this government may speedily have to decide whether it will make that doctrine its guiding principle, or basely abandon it.

The aggressor is Great Britain, and Venezuela and Nicaragua the scenes of action. In the former case, she is attempting to take 60,000 square miles of Venezuelan territory, to which she has no claim whether in right or justice, and to annex it to British Guiana. Secretary Gresham has offered the services of this government as arbitrator in this dispute, but in view of the British demand on Nicaragua, it is safe to say the offer will be declined.

In the case of Nicaragua, Great Britain has submitted an ultimatum, demanding a cash indemnity of fifteen thousand pounds for the expulsion of the British consular agent, and the appointment of a commission to fix damages sustained by British subjects on the Mocquito reservation. A fling is taken at the United States in a stipulation that the third member of the commission, to be selected by the British and the Nicaraguan representatives, shall not be a citizen of the United States.

The aggressive attitude which Great Britain has taken is a serious matter, especially when the gratuitous snub to the United States, in the demands upon Nicaragua, is considered. The British government knows perfectly well that this country has, ever since the days of Monroe, made it her policy to stand by the weaker nations of this hemisphere in any case of aggression or oppression attempted by any European power. This does not mean that we are to support them when they are in the wrong, further than to see that no advantage is taken of their weakness. But there is no doubt in the Venezuelan matter, that Great Britain is playing the part of a highway robber; and in the Nicaraguan case, in the present financial embarrassments of that republic, the peremptory demand for $75,000 is of the same nature. And the stipulation that the United States shall not act as arbitrator is a decidedly unfriendly manifestation, which the self respect of the United States imperatively demands shall be protested against by our ambassador at the court of St. James.

In point of fact, there is a wide chance for international complications in South and Central America, if we are to stand by the Monroe doctrine. The signs are ominous, with British warships bound for Nicaragua to collect the indemnity under duress, with a French war vessel bound for La Guayra, Venezuela, to take the expelled French minister aboard, leaving a wide breach of diplomatic relations, and with other European nations threatening to follow Great Britain's example in coercing the small Central and South American republics into the payment of debts and indemnities. Every patriotic American hopes that the administration will be able to rise to the occasion, and uphold the dignity and honor of the nation against all foreign powers.

TERMS OF SPEAKERS.

Walter Wellman, in his correspondence from Washington to the Chicago Times-Herald, quotes ex-Speaker Crisp as saying that he never again expects to be elected speaker of the House of Representatives, as no man has ever been elected to a third term as speaker. Mr. Wellman must either have quoted Mr. Crisp incorrectly, or the distinguished Georgian is singularly ignorant of the history of the speakership. He need not stretch his memory back very far to remember the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth congresses, or that his Democratic predecessor, Samuel J. Randall, presided over the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth congresses, having been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Michael C. Kerr; or that his predecessor, James G. Blaine, presided over the Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third congresses; or that his predecessor, Schuyler Colfax, presided over the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth and Fortieth congresses.

In earlier days, Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, served four terms as speaker, beginning with the Twentieth and ending with the Twenty-third Congress. Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, had three terms, presiding over the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth congresses. But the peerless Henry Clay has the longest record, he having served six terms. He was speaker of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth congresses.

The suppression of the slot machines in Cincinnati has caused 50,000 copper cents to be taken to the sub-Treasury in that city to be exchanged for currency. This fact illustrates the extent to which these gambling devices were patronized, chiefly by the young, and the consequent demoralization.

The wreck of the missing Spanish war vessel, the Reina Regente, has been found sunk near the Straits of Gibraltar. With her 420 officers and men went down to death—making it one of the most destructive marine disasters of modern times, the grisly death roll exceeding that of the Elbe.

We do not believe Mayor Caldwell or any other Ohio Republican has a thought of being a candidate for United States Senator in opposition to J. B. Foraker. The Republican party of this state has made up its mind that Mr. Foraker must succeed Mr. Brice and no other deal goes.

The Washington Post is ungrateful and untruthful enough to remark that from the newspaper pictures few of Ohio's pretty young women are dabbling in politics.

The expected has happened this time. Garza, the Mexican revolutionist, reported dead, is said to be alive and well. Look out for Bill Dalton now.

Bishop Corrigan received $3,000 for marrying Anna Gould. He should have tied a strong knot for that sum.

Cuban news coming by way of Spain should not be taken at par.

THE WHEAT PROSPECT.

The outlook is that farmers will, unfortunately, not be able to get better prices for their wheat this year than last. The publication of the government crop report for March was followed by an advance at primary points. This was due not only to the facts given in the report, but to the shortage, as compared with last year, in the quantity of the grain now in the hands of the farmers of this country, and to the additional fact that there is also a deficiency in the world's visible supply as well.

All agree there is a shortage in this country; the only difference of opinion is as to the amount. The department of Agriculture reports that there are 39,000,000 bushels less in the hands of our farmers to-day than at the corresponding date last year; and though private estimates have not made the difference so great as that, it is well understood, of course, that the use of wheat for feeding purposes since last fall, owing to the short crop of corn, must have made some difference to the quantity remaining over from last year's yield of the former grade. As to the world's deficiency, both official and trade reports from other countries agree that the visible supply of wheat in the world as a whole has been decreasing rapidly of late and that it is now about 14,000,000 bushels less than it was on the first of January.

But the advance in this country consequent on the information contained in the government crop report was not responded to by foreign markets. This fact is of sinister significance. It means in this case that the European grain dealers knew well enough that, whatever shortage there may be for the moment in the United States, and whatever effect that may have on the present visible supply in the world, it is not upon the United States that the importing countries of Europe are now dependent for the wheat that they may have to buy. Time was, of course, when all Europe looked to us for what wheat might be needed over there in addition to home supplies, and any reports of shortage in our markets were then promptly reflected in European prices. But that is no longer so, and it is chiefly as a reminder that it is no longer so that the matter is significant.

This is a fact that our farmers must understand fully. The supplies of exportable wheat to other countries than ours have increased greatly in recent years, and, in the very nature of the case, must continue to increase for an indefinite time hereafter, and at our expense. When it was the competition of only Russia and India that we had to meet we could hold our own fairly well. But the entrance of Argentina into the lists of wheat-exporting countries speedily affected the commanding position of our wheat in the world's markets and, so far as can now be seen, affected it permanently. The Argentine farmers have the advantage, which ours have now lost, of a virgin soil which needs but to be scratched to produce wheat at the amazingly low cost of twelve shillings a quarter—equivalent to 37 1-2 cents a bushel—and there is enough of this cheap and productive land waiting for tillage down there to hold out the promise of an increasing yield of wheat for an indefinite time to come. America's farmers must remember that Argentina is passing through the stage of development which the United States passed through about the middle of this century, when the great grain areas of the West were developing, precisely as the Argentinian areas are now; and the latter country is taking the place in the world's wheat markets we then held. This is unpalatable news, but it is a fact.

MINISTER THURSTON.

Secretary Gresham has requested the recall of Mr. Lorin A. Thurston, the Hawaiian minister. The reasons assigned are that the minister has talked too much to the newspapers, and that he has lectured in public on Hawaii, touching on subjects which are sensitive points with the Cleveland administration. Furthermore, he is accused of instigating the publication of newspaper articles in New York papers attacking the administration.

If Gresham is going to demand the recall of every foreign minister who talks to the newspapers, there will be but few of the present ones left in Washington. Why does he not demand the recall of Maraugа, the Spanish minister, who had himself interviewed a few days ago, and declared he believed the captain of the Allianca was dreaming, and that the vessel had not been fired into at all? Gresham's first reason is simply laughable to any one who understands how things go in Washington.

Newspaper men in Washington say that Thurston has been wonderfully discreet in all his communications with the public through representatives of the press. He has been universally popular with them from the day of his arrival first as an annexation commissioner, because he was recognized as an exceedingly modest gentleman of education, of fine training and of absolute truthfulness. He has carefully avoided any criticism of the Cleveland administration, is the testimony they give.

The real reason doubtless is that Mr. Thurston has, in his lectures, spoken favorably of Hawaiian annexation. However, if he is a "persona non grata" at the State department, he will probably be recalled—though it is not probable that any representative of the Hawaiian republic will obtain a more friendly footing with Gresham than Thurston has.

In January the government received $27,804,399 and paid out $34,523,447. In the seven months ended with January the receipts were $187,193,857, and the disbursements were $221,475,927. The excess of expenditures was more than thirty-four millions. This is the result of Democratic incapacity to manage the national finances.

Reports from the South indicate that the tide of immigration from the North and West has only just begun. There have been many sales of farms to individuals and colonies and large deals in mineral land, in which Northern capital is invested. This means not only progress, but political revolution for the South.

This country is learning some very important truths concerning the tariff which will have their influence on the next Presidential campaign. The tariff is by no means a dead issue, though it will probably be a subordinate one in the campaign of 1896.

In four years Harrison's administration reduced the public debt by $233,000,000. In two years Cleveland's administration has increased it $165,000,000. That's the difference between Republican and Democratic financiering.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

As Li Hung Chang was leaving a conference of the peace commissioners at Shimonoseki, Japan, Sunday, he was shot and wounded by a young Japanese assassin whose patriotism had become a little fanatical. The wound is in the face, and is not serious.

The peace commissioners of Japan and China held their first meeting Sunday. The credentials of the Chinese envoy this time proved satisfactory and the Japanese announced the terms upon which they would consent to end the war.

The Mexican government has approved concessions granted to George M. Pullman and other Americans for the construction of a railroad from the coal fields of Bororteran, Mex., to the port of Tampico.

Governor McKinley is quoted as saying: "If the Republican party declares for free silver, I will not be a candidate for President, and I will leave the party forever."

The Mississippi river bank at Elmont, Ark., in front of the government warehouse, began caving in Sunday morning, carrying a portion of the warehouse and several engines into the river. One negro was drowned.

The Memorial Museum built in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, from the surplus fund of the Midwinter fair, was dedicated Sunday, when it was stated that the total receipts of the fair were $1,260,112 and the total disbursements $1,133,121, leaving a profit of $126,991.

Current events in Spain and Italy disclose considerable popular discontent with the present condition of affairs in those countries. It may not be a great while till the shaky monarchies of Southern Europe will have to hitch along a little to make room for another republic.

The Queen Regent of Spain has charged Senor Canovas Del Castillo with the duty of forming a new cabinet to replace the Sagasta ministry, which resigned last week.

Troops sent to re-enforce a British garrison in Chitral, in Central Asia, have been attacked by natives, who killed the British lieutenant, forty-six Sikh soldiers and eight followers.

Over eight thousand Spanish troops have landed in Cuba. The Cubans are said to have decided to do no more fighting than possible until later in the season. They count the yellow fever as their ally and expect it to thin out the ranks of the Spanish, while the rainy season ruins their guns, after which the Cubans will do the rest.

ADAM BADEAU DEAD.

General Badeau, Grant's military secretary and biographer, is dead. All the celebrity he attained was through his connection with the Old Commander, and the official preferment he secured through the latter's friendship. He entered the army in 1862, and in 1864 was placed on Grant's staff. He accompanied the latter through the campaigns of the Wilderness and of Appomattox, and served on the staff until March, 1869, when he was retired from the army with the full rank of captain and the brevet of brigadier general. He was also rewarded with a similar brevet by the volunteer service.

It was in May, 1869, that General Badeau entered the diplomatic service, receiving an appointment as secretary of the London legation. He served in that capacity for six months. In 1870 he was sent to Madrid as the bearer of important government dispatches, and in May of that year returned to London as consul general, which office he held until 1881. His diplomatic career was long and successful. During the two years of 1877 and 1878 he was given leave of absence from his duties in London, and was one of the party that accompanied Grant on the famous tour of the world. He was recalled from his position in London by President Garfield, and one year later was given the consul generalship at Havana. In this position he served until 1884, when he resigned because he was not permitted by the department of state to substantiate certain charges of corruption which he had made against it.

General Badeau made a figure in public some years ago by a suit which he brought against the widow of General Grant for compensation for the part he took in preparing the memoirs of her distinguished husband. Badeau was twice sued by the United States for fees which it was charged he withheld while consul general at Havana and London. The first was for the sum of $5,000 and the second for double that sum. He won both cases.

He it was who termed General Grant "Grant the Hammer," because he declared that he smote the stone wall of the confederacy and left it in ruins. He held that General Grant's greatness culminated during the last year of the civil war, when he was in command of the national armies. He was a good president, but a great soldier, and it was upon these lines that General Badeau became Grant's biographer. He wrote:

I was with him during all the period of his trial as close as any other man, and I believe him to be the incarnation of the cause for which we were fighting, and I studied him as intently as my opportunities and his nature allowed. I knew better than many how terrible and intricate was the war problem he had to solve, and often and often I wondered whether he was equal to the responsibility, whether he would prove the great man he must be if he accomplished what was set before him. He was so simple, so unambitious, so unstudied, so apparently unconscious of self, so utterly unlike what I had supposed a supereminently great man to be. Immediately after Lee surrendered I went up to him and said something about the event living in history, but I am sure that that had never occurred to him.

Senor Muruaga, the Spanish minister, appears to be extremely sensitive to criticism. The outburst of indignant comment from the American press over the Allianca outrage caused him to offer his resignation to his government, which refused to accept it. Now Gresham should request his recall on the ground that he has been talking to the newspapers. Why not give him the same treatment as Thurstin for a similar act?

The Ohio man still gets the plums. Mr. William M. Aiken, the new supervising architect of the treasury, is a Cincinnatian.

The Cincinnati Tribune condescendingly explains that the initials A. P. A. mean "Anti-Patrick Association."

A Cuban insurrection is a very natural thing. They always raise a great deal of cane there.

The new woman is not so engrossed in politics that she has forgotten the bargain counter.

A President without a party is all that is left of Cleveland's alleged greatness.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The tender Violet has been a favorite with President Cleveland for the past week or two.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Honor—I understand the plaintiff is suing for a horse?

Counsel—Yes, your honor, but there seems to be a halt about the evidence.

His Honor—Well, you can't saddle the responsibility upon the court. Let the case proceed.—London Answers.

He wrote a volume on the cow,
And broke into a laugh.
To hear his guileless wife suggest
That it be bound in calf.
—Detroit Free Press.

An Irishman's definition of wit—"Wit is the lava which comes from the mouth of a lively 'crater.'"—Tit-Bits.

Newspaper Editor—Juan, take that cat away; I cannot write with the row it is making. Where is it?

Juan—Why, sir, you are sitting on it.—El Diluvio.

Impatient Tourists (to small boy fishing in the lake)—You told us the boat always left here at four, and we have waited now till past five.

Boy—Oh, it doesn't begin to run till May.—Fliegende Blatter.

Conductor—That's a Canadian coin, sir; I can't take it.

Passenger—The deuce you can't! You gave it to me in change this morning.

Conductor—Well, you see, I'm more particular than you are.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

"Dah am only one day in de y'ah," said Uncle Eben, "when folks orter look at de dahk side ob life, an' dat's 'Mancipation Day."—Washington Star.

First Dog—What is that row down the aisle?

Second Dog—That is one of Mulford's pups. He won his first prize yesterday, and his head has swelled so they can't get his collar off.—Chicago Mail.

Be neighborly. Never accuse a friend of his shortcomings. Go and tell them to his wife.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What has your representative done since he's been in Congress?"

"What's he done?"

"Yes."

"Built two houses, paid off a mortgage an' opened a grocery store."—Atlanta Constitution.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bloomfield to her eldest daughter, "you must never let a young man steal a kiss from you."

"I won't, mamma," replied the obedient girl; "I'll tell him he can have it."—Detroit Tribune.

Now soon the frozen brooklet
Will be babbling on its way,
And the fishermen concocting
Bigger stories every day.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Wife—If it is necessary that we should economize, why don't you shave yourself, instead of paying a barber to do it?

Husband—That shows all you women know about profit and loss accounts. Why, a bit of court-plaster no bigger than the end of my chin costs ten cents.—New York Weekly.

Miss Madison Square—Can you explain how it is that where 100 men abscond not more than one woman can be found who is in the least dishonest?

Miss Fremont—Certainly. The women have no extravagant wives.—Truth.

"A designing man I hate!" cried Nell,
With scornful head erect.
And yet within a year she loved
And wed an architect.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Marston—Our place is filled with striking pretty girls this morning.

Piffle—No!

Marston—Fact. Fourteen typewriters have struck for shorter hours, higher pay and free gum.—New York World.

Little Four-year-old—Mamma, we had a bootiful time at school singing after we had said our A. B. C's.

"What did you sing, my dear?"

"'Ye Christian Heroes, go for Blaine,' and 'Where, Oh Where are the Three Blue Children!'"—New York Press.

Little drops of revenue,
Little grains of gold,
Fight shy of the treasury,
While Carlisle keeps his hold.
—Philadelphia Press.

Brown—It seems to me that real gentlemen are becoming scarcer and scarcer every year.

Robinson—Yes, that's so; but Jinks is one if ever there was one.

"What did he do?"

"He sent me $10 six months ago, and he has never dunned me for it. In fact, he seems to avoid me, so as not to make me feel uncomfortable.—Tammany Times.

"You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, George, were you not?"

"Yes. I owed over $70,000."—Life.

He—That's Mrs. Grimshaw, who lectures on Bimetallism. I've heard her. How exasperatingly clever she seems to be!

She—Yes; but how consolingly ugly.—Punch.

Maud—Is Mr. Merton still paying attention to your daughter?

Mr. Goldbug—Why, good gracious, no! He's not paying her any attention at all now. They're married.—Judge.

The Debutante (aside)—How many verses shall I sing?

The Professor—Do you want an encore?

The Debutante—Of course.

The Professor—One.—Budget.

"Jack was very disagreeable last night."

"Was he full of whisky?"

"It was worse than that. He was full of himself."—Life.

Minnie—The man I marry must be one I can love and respect.

Mamie—What? Both?—Cincinnati Tribune.

The modest little violet
Will soon be peeping through,
And soon will come the query:
I-s i-t w--m e--u--h f-r y-u?

Mrs. Youngbud—What did you say last night when you accepted Mr. Gayboy?

Miss Oldgirl—Why do you want to know?

Miss Youngbud—I was so afraid I would say the same thing when he proposed to me this evening.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A man may turn green with envy and yet feel blue about it.—Philadelphia Record.

He—I'm not myself this evening.

She (wearily)—Indeed? It hadn't occurred to me.—Detroit Free Press.

Asker (in the park)—Where is the bridle path?

Park Policeman—How do you spell it? There is one of them down by the river side, and one up here on the hill.—Syracuse Post.

PURELY PERSONAL.

The mayor of Nevada, Mo., has a $500 salary but he does not propose to fatten upon it. He gives it all to the poor.

Queen Victoria's will, written on vellum and neatly bound, is enclosed in a casket secured by a Chubb lock.

Walter Besant is at the head of a movement for the erection of a statue of Robert Louis Stevenson in London.

Astronomical observations have been given a needed impetus by the million dollar legacy left to promote them by the late Joseph Treith, the Viennese railroad magnate.

It is sad, but true, that Miss Morton, sister of the secretary of Agriculture, is the only person officially and prominently connected with the administration who is able to talk French to members of the diplomatic corps.

Sir Joseph Barnby could play the organ at public services when he was only a boy of 12. Fortunately he was not one of those youthful prodigies whom it is wise to kill.

Miss Helen Tickle, a 31-year-old Ohio lady, is hardly big enough to cause anybody to be tickled at her overpowering proportions. She is only twenty-eight pound weight.

Prince Bismarck's 80th birthday happens on April 1, and the indications point to a coming array of costly presents, which represent the best efforts of German jewelers.

The Princess of Wales is an accomplished skater, and though a grandmother, can still do fancy work on the ice which would delight a professional.

Amelie Rives Chanler has the grip, and the worst of it is that she is in St. Louis while wrestling with it.

Hall Caine has broken the English record with his "Manxman." There have been 25,000 copies of the work sold in one month.

Mayor Strong is a strong believer in women as educators, and will appoint several ladies to positions on the New York Board of Education.

American Horse is dead. He was a full-blooded Indian, who served as a scout through the war and who afterwards settled down in New York on a pension of $12 a month.

William S. Gummere, who has been appointed to the Supreme court bench of New Jersey, is 44 years of age, a Princeton graduate, and son-in-law of Justice Beasley, counsel of the Pennsylvania railroad company.

General Van Vliet is the oldest living officer of the regular army, but Lieutenant Moore, who is retired, entered the service as drummer boy in 1812. This was before Van Vliet was born.

The Emperor of Russia smokes a pipe, and there has been no brand of cigars yet discovered which is good enough to tempt him from his meerschaum or briar root.

Captain W. G. Kidd has been conductor of a certain train on a Tennessee line for thirty-eight years, and during that time has never missed a trip or been reported or reprimanded. And he doesn't own the road as yet.

Skidmore Alston, who died recently in Rolesville, N. C., aged 85, was the father of twenty-four children. His grandchildren were so numerous that he did not know their number nor was he able to recognize them all.

George du Maurier and Alma Tadema were students together at Antwerp, and in those days resembled each other so closely that they were hardly distinguishable apart, until Du Maurier lost the sight of an eye and began to wear his blue spectacles.

Miss Jeannette Douglass was the first woman who ever filled a regular clerkship in any of the departments at Washington. With several other women who were appointed a few days later, she was employed to separate and trim paper money, a labor which is now done by machinery.

The venerable Bishop of Rhode Island, the Rt. Rev. Thomas March Clark, who is now in his 83d year, has broken down under the weight of years and labor and has been taking a sanitarium at Forest Hills, Mass., in a state of great physical and mental depression. Bishop Clark completed last December his fortieth year in the episcopate. He was at that time very feeble and his illness has since increased. Half a century ago he was rector of St. Andrew's, Philadelphia, and has frequently visited the city in recent years. He is a man of particularly strong intellectual character and a preacher of great force.

FAME IS THEIRS.

Among the names recently given to new streets in Paris appear Taine, Gounod, Edmond About, Meissonier, Guy de Maupassant and Octave Feuillet.

Lady Randolph Churchill wears the very exceptionally granted and much coveted Imperial Order of the Crown of India, conferred upon her by the queen.

Walter Besant's price is 10 guineas every 1,000 words he puts on paper—not bad for a writer whose fecundity is the despair and marvel of his literary brethren.

Max Muller knows eighteen different languages to the extent of being able to speak or write in any one, and a considerable number in addition less perfectly.

Prince Bismarck, in a recent conversation with a deputation from Leipsic, said that his happy moments were entirely confined to the seasons when he was in private life.

Susan B. Anthony has not slept at home for four years, which may be taken as an indication that the advocacy of woman suffrage is not conducive to the appreciation of home rule.

St. Mary's Seminary, at Baltimore, conducted by the sulpician fathers, has conferred the degree of doctor of laws upon Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, the well-known lecturer and author.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has presented to Colonel Bizot, whose mother was formerly in her household, the camp outfit used by the Prince Imperial in Zululand, together with the outfit which she herself used when she visited the scene of her son's death.

Mr. Runyon, United States ambassador to Germany, has been in receipt of many applications from Americans in Berlin for his good offices in presenting them at court. In self-defense he has been obliged to make public announcement to the effect that he cannot grant such requests.

When Morris had the Haymarket theater, Jerrold had occasion one day to find fault with the strength, or rather the want of strength, of the company. Morris expostulated, and said: "Why, there is Y.; he was bred on these boards." "He looks as though he had been cut out of them," replied Jerrold.

Mrs. Sarah Astor Langdon, widow of Robert Borel, died at Nice, France, February 18, at the age of 81. She was a native of New York City, and a granddaughter of the original John Jacob Astor. She and her husband had made their home in The Hague for the last forty years, where Mr. Borel was engaged in business.

John Hazen White, who was recently elected bishop of Indiana, has so kept his youthful appearance that a photograph taken twenty-two years ago is said to be still an excellent likeness. He has a blue eye, light auburn hair, a stalwart frame nearly seven feet in height, and a resounding voice of proportionate volume.

No Time to Lose.

He: "Will you marry me? I must have your decision at once."
She: "Do give me a little time to think."
He: "Impossible. I've a cab waiting at the door."
—Vogue.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Queen Victoria witnessed the battle of flowers at Nice.

Over 1,000 persons were killed in a battle at Lima, Peru.

Fire in New Orleans destroyed 20,000 bales of cotton valued at $300,000.

Hawaiian royalists have organized an annexation club among the natives.

The trial of ex-Deputy Secretary of State Lindholm has begun at Lansing.

Rev. Dr. W. M. B. Young, professor of ancient languages at Roanoke college, is dead.

Bessemer pig iron trade was strengthened by the advance in coke workers' wages.

The revolution in Peru is at an end. General Caceres, the ex-president, will leave the country.

The United States authorities have decided to take a firm stand against interference in Venezuela.

Investigation of the mine explosion at Red Canon, Wyo., shows that at least 60 persons were killed.

Baron von Thielmann is said to have been appointed German ambassador to the United States.

Belief is gaining ground that the Supreme court will declare the income tax law unconstitutional.

William Martin Aiken, of Cincinnati, was appointed supervising architect of the treasury department.

Victor L. Ochoa, an intimate friend of Garza, the Mexican bandit, denies the story of the latter's death.

Emperor William closed the sessions of the state council at Berlin, and praised the members for their work.

Over 100 men prominent in the reform movement in St. Louis have been appointed judges of election.

Japanese warships are reported off several ports in Formosa, which it is expected will soon be stormed.

Ex-Lieut. Gov. Edmund Carnes, of Nebraska, died of pneumonia at Seward. He was elected to the office twice.

England has assured the United States that she does not desire to acquire any territory in settling with Nicaragua.

James Howard, a turnkey in the Kansas state prison, was fatally assaulted with a hatchet by an Indian convict.

Major Frank F. Peats, formerly adjutant of the soldiers' home at Quincy, Ill., died at his home in Rockford, Ill.

Prince Komatsu, commander-in-chief of the armies of Japan, has decided to establish headquarters at Port

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—Gold Watch, Men's Size, $15.75.

The watch and casemakers of the United States have been trying to produce at a low price a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in appearance, time-keeping qualities, durability, etc., and have succeeded beyond their highest expectations. This watch is the celebrated thin model watch—we mean by thin model, that it does not bulge the pocket out of shape, or give people the impression that you are carrying a clock movement. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch makers. The ring joints, thumb piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which of course will wear for generations. The works contain the Logan celebrated Breguet hair spring—a regulator so simple that a child can work it, jeweled in all important parts with precious stones; compensation expansion balance safety pinion, stem winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be entirely unnecessary. The movement is made by the celebrated Elgin Watch Co., and is perfect in construction and durability. This watch is offered to "Blade" subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wants for his friends. This watch comes in Hunting case only.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size Gold Watch, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $8. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Open Face Gold Watch, $11.50.

Men's size, open face, either engraved or engine turned, gold watch, $11.50. No. 3 is a magnificent gold filled watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 15 years, just like solid gold. This watch is open face only, stem winder, pendant set. Price by registered mail, $11.50.

Offer No. 4—Men's Open Face Solid Nickel Silver, $5.50.

Waltham or Elgin Watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is made of a composition of silver and nickel, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. We send it to subscribers, delivery guaranteed, for $5.50. Screw case, dust proof.

Offer No. 5—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case; Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that will wear as well as a solid gold, and warrants for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will certainly make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers, for $22.50.

Offer No. 26 Men's Size—Open Face Silver, $6.50.

This is a seven jewel Waltham or Elgin, open face only, stiffened silver case. In other words in order to give strength sufficient to make the case durable without making the metal thick and heavy, the silver is strengthened by a nickel plate, introduced in such a manner as to be entirely hid den, and were it not explained, the purchaser would not be able to tell it from a heavy, solid coin silver case. This watch does not come in hunting case—open face only—with a heavy beveled plate glass crystal, strong and durable. The dial is of white porcelain, either Roman or Arabic characters. In order to prevent the possibility of the hands catching metal upon which the second hand is mounted is sunk below the level of the surrounding face. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $6.50.

Offer No. 27—Men's Size—Coin Silver, $10.00.

This is a solid, coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch, open face or Hunting. This is the newest silver case in the market, being the same model as our "Blade Special Watch No. 5." Heretofore this model case was only made in solid gold and high priced, gold filled watch cases, and it has taken so well that the manufacturer has placed this coin silver watch on the market. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all latest improvements. We will deliver this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $10.

"Crescent Street" Waltham Watch, Men's size—Pride of the Waltham Factory.

The best full-size Waltham watch is called "CRESCENT STREET." This watch is made from the very finest materials, each part being selected by expert workmen. Every wheel is perfect, every jewel is a precious stone, every pinion is polished to the highest degree. In fact, this watch is as the Waltham Company guarantees, "perfect in construction and finish." The Company also says in its catalogue that this is "the finest full plate movement in the world." The full plate is a recent improvement in watch making. It is a metal cap, covering all the mechanism, excepting the balance, thus saving many bills for cleaning. These celebrated works are full jeweled with red ruby jewels in solid gold settings. They contain compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator and double bank dial, made expressly for this watch. The dial is genuine.

No. 102—Crescent Street, gold filled, 20 year, hunting or open face case..... $37 00

No. 103—Crescent Street, gold filled, 15 year, hunting or open face case..... 33 45

No. 104—Crescent Street, 2 oz. coin silver, hunting or open face case..... 27 85

No. 105—Crescent Street, solid nickel silver, open face, dust proof case..... 25 00

"Appleton, Tracy & Co.," Waltham—Men's Size.

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO." is one of the celebrated watches of the world. The works are full jeweled with 15 extra fine red ruby jewels in solid gold settings, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting, Breguet hair spring, special adjustment to temperature, duplex escapement and all the very latest improvements. This watch took the first prize at the World's Exposition in Paris, against all competitors, both American and Foreign. We will deliver this watch to any address in the United States, works as above, in:—

No. 106—Solid 14 kt. gold, 45 dwt., hunting case, only..... $40 00

No. 107—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. hunting case 23 50

No. 1 8—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. open face.... 22 50

No. 109—2 oz. solid coin silver, hunting or open face..... 17 50

No. 110—Stiffened silver, open face, only.... 15 50

No. 111—Solid nickel silver case, open face... 13 75

LADIES' WATCHES.

Offer No. 15—Solid Gold, $22.00.

The works are manufactured at Waltham or Elgin. They are made of the finest materials, carefully selected. The jewels are all cut and polished in Europe, where secret processes are handed from generation to generation. The dial is made of the finest porcelain, and the hands of fine superpered steel. The case is solid 14 kt. United States assay, handsomely engraved. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $22.00.

Offer No. 16—Gold Filled, $13.50—Waltham or Elgin.

Is a lady's gold filled engraved watch, guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear fifteen year The works contain seven jewels, exposed pallet safety pinion, and all improvements. Price, de livery guaranteed, $13.50.

Offer No. 17—Solid Gold, Waltham or Elgin, $16.00.

Is a lady's solid gold hunting or open face case, very delicately engraved, contains a Waltham or Elgin movement, seven jewels. A perfect time keeper. Postpaid, $16.00.

Offer No. 18—Gold Filled, Ladies' "Skylight" Watch, $12.00.

Is a 14 kt. gold filled engraved "Skylight" Waltham or Elgin, guaranteed to wear twenty years The case is made by placing two heavy sheets of 14 kt. gold, reinforced between with a thin sheet of stiff composition, which makes a perfect case for protecting the works. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece, hinges, and every part subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, while the gold is brought down over the edges of the composition metal and joined in such a way that even an expert is obliged to cut the case to find that it is not solid gold. We will deliver this watch for $12.00. Open face only.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address,

"THE BLADE," Toledo, O.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 ...
½ dozen table knives	2 25
dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA

And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

COMPLETE IN 30 HANDY VOLUMES, OVER 12,000 PAGES.

We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopedia contains more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving point d, practical, explicit and most instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 15 pounds.

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We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers' Encyclopedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopedia alone for $2.50.

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PLATED SILVER GOODS.

The following list of small articles are sent ostpaid by registered mail. Ask for "The hristine" Goods, triple plate on white nickel.

	½ doz.	1 doz.
Teaspoons	$2 00	$3 00
Tablespoons	4 00	7 75
Table forks	4 00	7 50
Dessert forks	3 50	6 50
Dessert spoons	3 50	6 50
Sugar shells, each		85
Butter knives, each		1 00

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

Which Are Sent by Express, at Buyer's Expense.

These goods are "The Christine," triple plated on white nickel, all same pattern, and in rich box:

Berry spoons, each	$2 50
Pie knives, "	3 00
Fish knives, "	3 00
Fish forks, "	2 25
Oyster ladles, "	3 00
Soup ladles, "	3 50

ELEGANT HOLLOW WARE.

Beautiful new designs, superbly finished, either triple or quadruple plated. By express at buyer's expense:

	8 plate.	4 plate
Sugar bowl	$1 75	$2 25
Cream pitcher	1 75	2 75
Spoon holder	1 75	2 75
Pickle castor	2 25	3 25
Butter dish	2 75	4 25

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

Prices Reduced—Better Grades and New Styles.

Some months ago we discontinued the sale of mackintoshes, but have now made a new arrangement whereby we are enabled to supply better goods, at about a third less than our prices last spring. We offer both single-texture and double-texture goods, sewed and seamed. These goods are not pasted together, but substantially sewed. We prepay express charges, and deliver these goods at your nearest express office.

In Men's goods we offer three grades, breast measurement ranging from 36 to 46 inches, each coat 53 inches long, of double-texture goods, handsome plaid lining. In ordering, care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as changes can not be made. Here are the styles and prices:

Men's Waterproofs, With Capes. Men's Waterproof.

Men's dark blue (F 27) or black (F 23), sewed and seamed, double-texture, delivered at any express office in the U. S., prepaid .....$6.00 (Our former price, $8.85.)

Men's plain Henrietta, double-texture, sewed and seamed, black (22) or blue (23), delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S. .....$7.00 (Former price, $9.85.)

Men's double-texture gray wool (28), storm coat and general overcoat, delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S. .....$7.00 (This is a new offer, and a coat that once retailed at $18 to $20.)

Ladies' Waterproofs, With Capes.

Women's single-texture diagonal black (F 23), or blue (F 27), delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S. .....$4.50 (Former price, $5.95.)

Women's double-texture Inverness, plain black (22) or blue (23), delivered prepaid at any express office in U. S. .....$7.00 (This last triple-cape garment is a new style and a new thing in waterproof garments.)

As we have to forward all the coat orders to the factory in Boston to be filled there, due allowance must be made for the time taken in forwarding, etc., and you should not expect to receive goods in less than a week or ten days after sending the order.

All remittances must be sent to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

TO SAVE HUMAN LIFE.

Baron von der Ropp Has Invented a New Safety Device.

Baron Alexander von der Ropp, of Berlin, has recently invented a life-saving apparatus which will greatly reduce the danger of drowning in case of shipwrecks and other maratime catastrophes. Its essential parts consist of a strong India rubber sack, a cylindrical metallic hull and are connected on one end and

LATEST LIFE PRESERVER.

within the former is contained a small long-necked vial filled with chloro-methylic gas. A peculiar characteristic of this gas is that it evaporates in an instant when given opportunity for expansion. The breaking apparatus consists of a strong ring of filtered paper which keeps a spring intrusion. As soon as this paper becomes wet it loses its firmness, the spring jerks a little knife which cuts the neck of the bottle. The gas at once fills the India rubber sack. Three seconds after the shipwrecked person has jumped into the water the apparatus is transformed into a buoy which will keep him afloat. Special precautions are taken in order to protect the apparatus when not in use against the humidity of misty and rainy weather.

CLOTHING IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Fustian was first made of cotton about the year 1641.

In bleaching linen loses one-third of its weight, cotton one-twentieth.

As early as 1149 Sicily was famous for silk growing and manufacturing.

Calico was first brought to England by the East India Company in 1631.

Velveteen was first made of cotton in 1636; pronounced better than silk.

Wool weaving was regularly begun in England in 1331 by Flemish weavers.

In 1331 seventy families of clothmakers from Flanders settled in England.

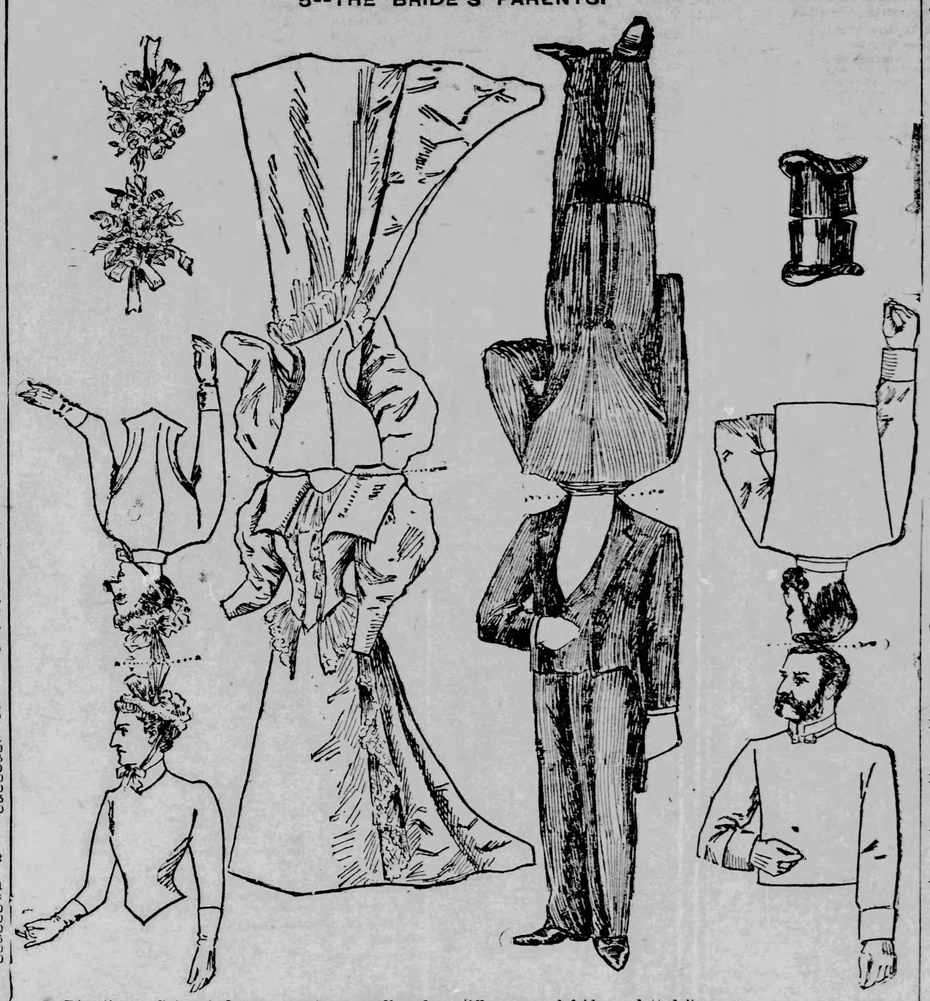
Genuine cashmere shawls were exported from Cashmere to Rome A. D. 271.

Edward III., in 1336, forbade the wearing of furs save to persons worth 1500 a year.

Henry VIII., England, wore cloth stockings, but had a silk pair for Christmas and Easter.

THE PAPER DOLLS' WEDDING.

5--THE BRIDE'S PARENTS.



Directions: Cut out figures, pas te on cardboard or stiff paper and fold on dotted lines.
Next week: The Groom's Rich Bachelor Uncle and Malden Aunt.

THESE GIRLS HAVE $50,000,000 EACH.

THE ROCKEFELLER SISTERS THE RICHEST IN THE WORLD.

A Day With Them—They Care Nothing for the Fads of Fashion—Both Are Studious and Musical.

The two richest unmarried girls in the whole universe to-day are Alta and Edith Rockefeller, daughters of John D. Rockefeller, head of the Standard Oil concern.

The much-talked-about fortunes of the Gould and Vanderbilt girls pale into insignificance when the Rockefeller wealth is mentioned. It is an over-estimate when it is said that Helen and Anna Gould have fifteen millions each. Eleven millions would be much nearer the mark. Since the death of Jay Gould there has been a considerable shrinkage in the valuation of the securities in which the family wealth is largely invested. His wealth when he died was seventy-two millions, and a larger share went to the elder son, George, than to any of the other five children. The latter inherited about eleven millions each, and their unspent accumulated incomes barely compensate for the depreciation of the principal during the last two years of financial depression.

The heads of the various branches of Vanderbilts will undoubtedly adhere to the family traditions and bequeath the bulk of their respective fortunes to the eldest sons and a comparatively modest fortune to the daughters. This plan keeps the main wealth intact and secured in the family railroads. The Astors adopt similar methods for the preservation of their city real estate holdings.

So, when it comes down to the bare question of millions, the Rockefeller girls, as they are invariably called, are immeasurably above all contemporary heiresses. Some time ago in court the father of the girls swore that he could not tell within $112,000,000 what his wealth was. This certainly leaves a wide margin for conjecture on the subject. Men who claim to know say that his present wealth is in the neighborhood of $145,000,000, and that its net increase is at the rate of eight millions a year, as his investments earn annually large dividends. He is only fifty-five years of age now, and were he to live six years more, he would then be worth more than $200,000,000.

There are four children in the Rockefeller family, and they will inherit all of the wealth. It has been Mr. Rockefeller's policy to make all the charitable bequests in his lifetime that he intends to make, and the supposition is general among his friends that, with a few small exceptions, the bulk of his money will go to his family. Of the four children the eldest is Bessie, who married Professor Charles Strong, of the Chicago University, to which Mr. Rockefeller has given $2,500,000. Mrs. Strong is 28 years old, Miss Alta is 24 years old, Miss Edith is 22, and John D., jr., the only son, is 21.

Each of these children will inherit

MISS ALTA IN THE PARK.

anywhere from forty to fifty millions, and it is doubtful if the whole wide world contains two girls of such vast wealth as the Misses Rockefeller.

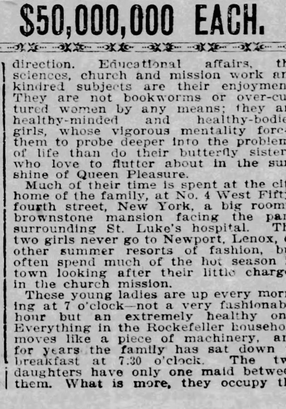
How those girls spend their days will be told here. In the first place it must be understood that they are not women of fashion. They never made a formal debut in the social world simply because they are unknown in the regular walks of swaggerdom, and their circle of friends is an extremely narrow one. They take no interest in the changes of styles, dances, the theater, fashionable clubs, or the thousand and one light amusements of the society woman.

Their interest tends in a more serious direction. Educational affairs, the sciences, church and mission work and kindred subjects are their enjoyment. They are not bookworms or over-cultured women by any means; they are healthy-minded and healthy-bodied girls, whose vigorous mentality forces them to probe deeper into the problems of life than do their butterfly sisters, who love to flutter about in the sunshine of Queen Pleasure.

Much of their time is spent at the city home of the family, at No. 4 West Fifty-fourth street, New York, a big roomy, brownstone mansion facing the park surrounding St. Luke's hospital. The two girls never go to Newport, Lenox, or other summer resorts of fashion, but often spend much of the hot season in town looking after their little charges in the church mission.

These young ladies are up every morning at 7 o'clock—not a very fashionable hour but an extremely healthy one. Everything in the Rockefeller household moves like a piece of machinery, and for years the family has sat down to breakfast at 7:30 o'clock. The two daughters have only one maid between them. What is more, they occupy the same large bedroom on the east side of the second floor. There are two small beds in the apartment, which opens into two large, sunny rooms—one furnished in oak and the other in mahogany. These are the dressing rooms, boudoirs and working rooms all combined. Miss Alta uses the mahogany room and Miss Edith the oaken apartment. Each room has a substantial, business-like desk, fitted with a large rack of pigeon-holes, the latter filled with neatly folded letters and bills.

Both of these girls are thorough business women. They are allowed large sums yearly, and they control the ex-



MISS EDITH PLAYING THE 'CELLO.

penditure absolutely. Almost from infancy they have been taught the necessity of system and method in all their doings. They each keep a miniature set of books, have individual bank accounts, and can tell to a cent just where their money has gone for the past several years. It is almost needless to say that very little of their money has gone into the coffers of the Fifth avenue modiste or milliner.

The breakfast in the Rockefeller house is a plain meal. The family assemble in the dining-room at 7:30 o'clock, and Mr. Rockefeller asks a blessing upon the meal and then reads a chapter of the Bible. Breakfast is over at a few minutes after 8 o'clock. The father and son go down town to manage the millions, and the mother and her sister, Miss Spellman, who is a member of the household, attend to the affairs of the house.

The hour immediately after breakfast the girls devote to music. Miss Alta is a finished pianist, while Miss Edith is quite expert with the violin and 'cello. They practice regularly every week day. Their taste for music is an inherited one. Their father is one of the finest amateur performers on the violin in the country, and has been so pronounced by famous musicians who have been entertained at the Rockefeller house. The father and daughters often play together in the evening to the great pleasure of the chosen few of the friends who are permitted to hear them. The fact that there are four pianos, a magnificent pipe organ and innumerable other instruments in the house, attests the musical character of the inmates.

After the music of the morning has been disposed of the girls take up their favorite studies. Prior to her marriage, Mrs. Rockefeller was a school teacher in Cleveland, O., or, more properly speaking, a professor of botany. The studious habits contracted then still cling to her and she is even transmitted to the daughters. Both are clever linguists and deep readers. Miss Alta favors German, although she has gained a knowledge of Japanese, and at one time seriously thought of journeying to that country as a missionary.

The spectacle of a fifty-million-dollar heiress going as a missionary would, indeed, have been an odd one.

After the reading is over, the girls go for a ride in the park. The whole family is passionately fond of the equine world, the father and son owning fast trotters and the girls favoring the saddle horse. They are usually attended by a groom, and are both swift riders, frequently covering fifteen miles in an hour and a half. They are usually back before 12, and spend the remaining hour until lunch time in going over their mail. Both of them have Sunday school classes in Dr. Armitage's Baptist church, and are members of many church societies.

Their wide charities have made them known to toilers in the field of philanthropy all over town, and whenever a really deserving case is encountered the Rockefeller girls are usually communicated with to supply the needed aid.

Luncheon is served at 1 o'clock, and the afternoon passes away quickly. At this season of the year much of the time is spent in the garden surrounding the house. In it is an artificial lake about four inches deep. It freezes readily and affords a fine skating ground which is used daily whenever there is any ice. Their friends also use it, and there are often many merry skating parties hidden behind the high green fence running along the Fifty-fourth street front.

Six o'clock is the dinner hour, and the meal is a plain, substantial one, with no wines or liquors. Prohibition scarcely describes the Rockefeller attitude on the liquor question. They spend many fortunes annually in fighting the liquor evil.

If the weather is favorable, there is oftentimes a skating party by electric light in the evening, or, if not, there is music or entertaining a few friends. By 11 o'clock the whole family is asleep.

It is a healthful, wise, simple and satisfactory day that these extraordinary, rich young women live. Fortune-hunters never approach them. If they did, the memory of their reception would make them shiver for a lifetime.

OLD FAVORITES.

Published by request.

"COME HOME, FATHER."

"Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.

Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home."

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam!
Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of prayers?
"Please, father, dear father, come home!"

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse—
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed, he is worse—Ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn;
And this is the message she sent me to bring:
'Come quickly, or he will be gone.'"

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The home is so lonely—the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light;
And these were the very last words that he said—
'I want to kiss papa good-night.'"

Published by request.

THE BELLS.

Edgar Allan Poe, the author of this poem, was born in Boston, February 19, 1809. His father, the son of Gen. Poe, a distinguished officer of the Revolutionary army, was educated for the law, but, falling in love with a beautiful English actress, he married her, and went himself upon the stage. In a few years the youthful couple died within a short time of each other of consumption, leaving three children entirely unprovided for. Edgar, the second child, was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a rich merchant, who sent him to England, where he attended school. In 1821 he returned to America and attended an academy at Richmond, Va., and the university at Charlotteville. In 1829 Poe published a volume of poems. He next secured an appointment as a cadet at the West Point military academy, from which he was dismissed in 1831 for neglect of the duties and proprieties of that institution. Having had some misunderstanding with Mr. Allan, Poe was thrown upon his own resources, and he at once devoted himself to literature as a profession. His history from this time on is a record of ups and downs, with occasional gleams of prosperity and dark struggles with poverty. About 1835 he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm. He was associated with a number of periodicals, and wrote a number of short tales which displayed remarkable powers of imagination. In 1845 his "Raven" appeared, which attracted more attention than any of his other productions. In 1846 his wife died. In 1849 Poe died in Baltimore. It is said from excessive dissipation, but the fact seems that although Poe had some faults they were exaggerated by his envious rivals after the unhappy poet's melancholy death.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With the crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tingling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes;
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
On from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night,
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune.
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resultless endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh! the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale of terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

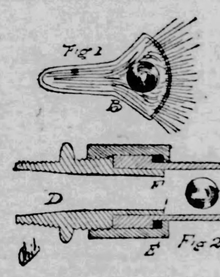
Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that ruffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone;
They are neither man nor woman;
They are neither brute nor human;
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls:
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells!
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THAT BALL NOZZLE.

A Scientific Explanation of Its Seemingly Paradoxical Feature.

To the Editor of the New York Sun—Sir: The interesting description in Sunday's Sun of the ball nozzle suggests that the cause of the action of the ball is not so mysterious as it is supposed to be.

If figure 1 of the enclosed sketches represent the nozzle, B being the ball, then when the flow of water has become steady and uniform, certain layers or streams of the water flow all around the ball, closely wrapping it



on all sides—on the front or outlet side of the nozzle as well as on the back or inlet side—as indicated by the curved lines. The pressure of these streams is theoretically equal on both the back and front sides of the ball, and practically is so nearly so that the pressure of the water has very little effect in moving the ball forward, once the streams are established. Practically the only force tending to carry the ball forward is the friction of the streams on the surface of the ball.

When these streams are once established they persist in their own direction with considerable tenacity, and it requires some force to change their direction. But if the ball moved forward it would necessarily divert the streams in front of it from their original position, and this it is unable to do, because this involves the expenditure of force enough to change the direction of a very great number of particles of water in a very short space of time. Moreover, the impact, if it may be so called, of the streams flowing around the opposite sides of the ball and meeting in front of it, develops considerable pressure against the front of the ball.

Undoubtedly when the water is first turned on, the ball is driven against the bar C before the streams have time to form, but the ball then sends back a little, and the streams, forming very quickly, prevent the ball from again advancing to the bar C. There is a certain analogy between the forces acting on the ball in the nozzle and those in the well-known case of a ball suspended on a jet of water, where the streams flowing around all sides of the ball keep it from falling off the jet.

The owners of the ball nozzle can make a simple test, without much expense, which will show whether the above explanation is or is not correct. The apparatus is shown in figure 2. A is a thick glass tube, strong enough to resist the first shock, and larger in diameter than the rubber ball B. The rear end of tube A is thickened and flanged, and fitted snugly over the socket end of a nozzle, D. F is a washer bearing on the flanged end of tube A, and E is a coupling screwed on D, and holding the tube A firmly in place. The ball B having been put in the tube A, a flat bar, G, is passed through holes which have been made in the tube a little distance back from the front end. A glassblower can easily make the holes, which should be large enough to insert plugs of rubber H, to make a tight joint around the bar G.

When the nozzle D is screwed on a hose and the water turned on (which had better be done gradually to prevent too great a shock), the glass tube will permit the motions of the ball to be observed, of course, to prevent wetting the observer, a piece of hose could be put on the front end of tube A. I expect the ball will be first carried forward rapidly against the bar G, then will bound back a little, and will not afterwards be again driven against the bar, unless merely for an instant as it oscillates a little to and fro. The movement of the streams around the ball may perhaps also be visible.

D. WALTER BROWN, Ph. D.

Bay State Culture.

Massachusetts may claim great credit to herself over the fact that of her 353 towns and cities, 321 contain free libraries.—Boston Budget.

WASTED SYMPATHY.

The Czar's Pretty Dancer Decided Not to Die.

Every one at all sentimental has wept over the supposed suicide of Labouskaia, the poor dancer, who was the morganatic wife of the young Czar Nicholas, says the Philadelphia Press. Tales from London tell how broken-hearted she left her beautiful castle in a secluded part of Russia, and on a dark night stole to one of the favorite haunts of their early marriage, held a cold revolver to her heart and in a moment was dead.

Now it seems, from the latest London advices, that after all the columns of reading matter that have been published concerning Labouskaia's death, she is not dead, but quite alive and in Paris.

There she was met a short time ago dancing for some friends in her handsome house in the Avenue de l'Alma. She was questioned as to her supposed suicide. She only laughed heartily and replied: "Suicide? Ah, Monsieur, how could I do anything so droll?"

Then she went on smilingly, but with a more serious air: "I never thought of blowing out what little brains I possess, for should I have the courage to plunge this in my sore heart," and out of her belt she pulled a tiny blade of the finest steel in a scabbard of gold.

"He gave me that little dagger," she continued, "which he had bought at the fair at Nijni-Novgorod, and, as I always told him that I should turn it against myself if he ever loved any woman but me, it has been the first herald of the sad news; for the last six months he has done all in his power to make me give it up to him, and I guessed what was to come. But I shall live bravely, and would not lose my eternal soul for any one on earth. Besides," she added with wonderful philosophy for a woman, "I may just as well tell you that the face of the empress is one after my heart, and I am sure that she would rather know that I dance her husband out of my mind than have a corpse between herself and our Nicholas!"

This news will be a blessed relief to the czar, although it might have been more flattering to his masculine sense of vanity had she died.

So now the Empress Alix will be able to sleep on two cars, as they say in Paris, for the charming Labouskaia will flutter on the boards of the music halls, and is likely to come to America. Nor is the young czar so likely to have nightmares of a Labouskaia with a dagger at her heart, and, perhaps, a ngry soul wandering around his pillow, so it appears that, notwithstanding all the dancer's obituaries, she only proves that the heart of the Russian danseuse is as elastic as that of an American comic opera queen.

Knowledge Is Wealth.

Chemist—You might have charged that young man five shillings for filling that prescription. Why did you put the price at one shilling?

Assistant—He understands Latin.—Tid Bits.

China's Specialty.

China will save powder by surrendering all her guns, and giving up everything but honor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BRILLIANTS.

If I could have my dearest wish fulfilled,
And take my choice of all earth's treasures, too;
And ask from heaven whatso'er I willed,
I'd ask for you.
—Anon.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
—Shakespeare.

There's not a strain of joy the birds could sing
I could not set to words that I've been dreaming;
But when I wake, alas! they all take wing,
And leave of music but the empty seeming.

Believe me, Love I sing to you in sleep,
Songs that if voiced would yake you to pleasure;
Would you could hear them in your dreams, and keep
Their inner meaning, though you missed the measure.
—Anon.

Is there a home where heavy earth
Melts to bright air that breathes no pain,
Where water leaves no thirst again
And springing fire is Love's new birth?
If faith long bound be one true goal
May there at length its hope beget,
My soul that hour shall draw your soul
Forever nearer yet.
—Dante Rosetti.

I hold him great who for love's sake
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well and lives.
—Anon.

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THE BEST COLLECTION OF SEEDS EVER OFFERED

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Miss Emily S. Bouton, EDITOR.

THE CROWN OF FAILURE.

When you have lived your life,
When you have fought your last good fight and won,
And the day's work is finished, and the sun
Sets on the darkening world and its strife—
Ere the worn hands are tired with all they've done,
Ere the mind's strength begins to droop and wane,
Ere the first touch of sleep has dulled the brain,
Ere the heart's springs are slow and running dry—
When you have lived your life,
'Twere good to die.

If it may not be so,
If you but fight a fight you may not win—
See the far goal but may not enter in—
'Twere better then to die and not to know
Defeat—to die amidst the rush and din,
Still striving, while the heart beats high and fast
With glorious life; if you must fail at last,
Such end were best, with all your hope and all
Your spirit in its youth
Then, when you fall.

Far better so to die,
Still toiling upward through the mists obscure,
With all things possible and nothing sure,
Than to be touched by glory and passed by,
To win, by chance, fame that may not endure,
That dies and leaves you living, while you strive
With wasted breath to keep its flame alive,
And fan, with empty boasts and proud regrets,
Remembrance of a past
The world forgets.
—Good Housekeeping.

HOME TALKS.

SOME CHANGE IN SCHOOL MATTERS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

Our Public School System by No Means Perfect—Should be Taken Out of Politics.

Of all of the present conditions that need changing—and they are many that do—there are none which are more important than those pertaining to the schools of our country. It was a sorry day for the nation when their management become a part of political machinery; when their well being was entrusted to those who were elected not for their fitness, their understanding of the needs of the educational system, but because they were Republicans or Democrats, and some party end was to be subserved by such election. As political corruption has increased generally, it has entered more and more into the work of these bodies of men to whom has been confided such important interests. Desirable positions have been given to the friends and relatives of politicians who have been active in bringing about party triumphs without reference to qualifications. Fortunate indeed were the children and the community if they chanced to be efficient, but it has been all the same if they have not. There have been jobs in school books; jobs in school buildings; jobs in furniture; jobs in everything that could be subject to jobbery, and it is time, if there is such a thing possible, that it be ended.

I am not speaking now only of the schools in this city, but of them all over the country everywhere. The better part of the people see the necessity of a change. Before me, as I write, are editorials from several leading papers in different cities, voicing the cry that the schools must be taken out of politics. In many places a reform has begun, and in many more it doubtless will be, but there should be no longer delay, or the country will suffer.

In this reform in Ohio, and wherever they have the ballot, women may now take a large part. They can vote, not for party but for persons. Through interest and work they can put women upon the Board of Education, in order that both men and women may be represented in this most important of all municipal bodies.

It is time for a change, I repeat, in the management of the public schools of the country. We have insisted upon the excellence, the perfection even of our educational system, when in reality, in many respects, it has been growing worse. Whatever gain has been made is the result of persistent effort by conscientious educators, rather than because of enterprise or intelligence upon the part of the school board. It would be foolish to say that there are no good men in these bodies, for we all know better, but it is true that they are not, as I said before, chosen for fitness, or because they have the best good of the schools at heart, but that they will in some way strengthen the tickets they are on, and help gain a victory for the party. Women must not make this mistake. Neither should they vote for a candidate because she is a woman, when she is utterly unfit for the position. The end and aim of all women in this matter must be the good of the schools, but inasmuch as men by their own confession have failed in doing the best, their counsels and their efforts should be leavened by woman's thought, woman's moral sense and woman's judgment. And whenever she can vote, it is her bounden duty to make of herself, for the sake of the children who are to be the future men and women of the nation, if for no other reason, a center of moral force and energy which will conserve the ultimate good of the community in which she lives.

Speaking thus of woman's duty in regard to the schools, and hence of the schools themselves, brings to my thought an article in the current number of The Arena entitled A Point of View, by Clinton H. Monroe, which ought to be widely read, for it touches a vital interest. It refers to the "uniforming, drilling and arming with guns the public school boys in some of the large cities."

Some time ago in an article in The Blade which challenged considerable adverse briticism, I took ground against the forming of companies in the public schools for military drill, and the consequent cultivation of the military spirit in the youth of the country. Done—and I do not for one moment question the motive of its doing on the part of the women leaders of the movement—to inculcate patriotism, I still believe that its effect is not to increase love of country, but to arouse thoughts of strife, of selfishness, of animosity that will not make for the ultimate moral progress of the nation.

Mr. Monroe speaks of the same subject from a different point of view. Referring to the Napoleonic craze which has pervaded newspapers, magazines and books for the last few months, of the increase of armories, and of the introduction of military drill in public schools, he says:

Is the Napoleon revival just at this time an accident? Was the drilling and arming of schoolboys? Was the building of the armories? Have the three any connection? If so, what? Is it desirable to infuse the military spirit into the lads of the free school? Has not America declared in favor of arbitration and against the idea of a ready and frequent appeal to arms to adjust differences? Are the public schools establishing and training the boys in the thoughts, methods, ideas, and procedures of arbitration? In New York city I had an opportunity, not long ago, to observe the effect of uniforming and arming the lads in a grammar school which was near my hotel window. It created a caste instantly. The boys whose parents could not afford the extra suit of clothes were looked upon by their uniformed fellows, and alas! by themselves, as of a distinctly lower caste. The few dollars which were required to make this distinction possible appeared to be wholly out of proportion to the effect. The poorer boys begged fathers, who were already at their wits' end to buy food and pay their rent, either to get them the uniform or else to let them stay out of school; and I knew of one father who went without a winter overcoat (although he was a clerk in a store, and was supposed to be above the more pinching wants of life) in order that he might relieve his fourteen-year-old son from the shame and contumely he suffered because he could not appear in the "regiment" with his classmates.

Neither space nor time will permit any further quotation from his forceful words, but he deplores the influence which these things must have in an age when the better thought of the people is, and should be, directed towards peace and its preservation in the whole world. The cultivation of a warlike spirit is far from desirable and in the United States absolutely unnecessary. The ocean is between us and the great standing armies of the old world, so that there is small danger in that direction. Only fighting in our land among our own people will bring this military training into employment, and that is a condition of affairs which surely no sane American can wish for. Good, honest, true citizenship, the kind that has the best interest of the community at heart, that which cannot be bribed or purchased, is the crying necessity of the days, and the teaching which will lead to this is what is needed in our public schools far more than the cultivation of a military spirit.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

OUR HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Just a Little Confidential Talk on Various Subjects.

An exchange gives the following brief but pithy advice to a correspondent who asked how she should know when she was dressed correctly: "Always have your dress suited to your occupation at the time you are to wear it, and you may be certain it is 'correct.' For morning or house wear no one would think of wearing a dress of the material or fashion suitable for street or an evening entertainment. A housekeeper who is also cook, chambermaid, seamstress and nurse girl, as very many housekeepers are, would find herself very much hindered by a dress with trailing skirts, ruffles and laces. It would save much strength, and time, if all women would adopt a working dress that would not be in their way in any respect. Many have adopted a 'reform' dress for the street who have not carried the reform into the matter of house dress."

The dress reformers have advanced so many ideas and styles that nearly every one can be pleased, and in choosing a style thought should be given to our general make up, as well as to that of the dress. We all can think of those of our acquaintances who would look like—well, they would not look at all pretty in bloomers and short skirts, for instance, but there is no need of such women wearing such a costume, they can find something suitable for any occasion that will be becoming and appropriate.

While calling at a friend's house recently I saw a practical illustration of the advisability of wearing a dress suited to the occasion. A young person called in answer to my friend's advertisement for a girl for general house work. She was a pleasant looking girl, had good references, and seemed very anxious to take the place, but my friend declined to engage her. I knew she needed the assistance very much so asked after the girl had gone what her objections were. "My objections were," said she, "first, there were very dirty ruffles around the bottom of her dress; two, ditto, of embroidery on a white underskirt and ten very black finger-nails. I could not have a girl in my kitchen who would wear white skirts on such a stormy day as this, who would dragg a ruffled dress skirt around, or who did not take better care of her finger-nails, no, not if she was recommended by all of the ladies in the town."

That girl might have been, and doubtless was, all she claimed to be in the way of work, but she lost a good home and good wages by not dressing in a suitable manner for the work she expected to do, and for the time. "Perhaps it was all she had to wear," do you say? Possibly, but why did she not have something more suitable instead of that? It would not be we cost her any more.

And about the recommendations that we give to those who have worked for us. Do we think what we are doing when we write them? Are we doing as we would be done by when we say that a girl is a good cook, a first-class housemaid, etc., when really we only write the recommend because we are so tender-hearted that we dislike to refuse to do so when requested to? Of course it is our duty to say everything possible and consistent with the truth in favor of others, but if we dismiss a girl for any serious fault is it right to send her to some one else with a certificate of perfection and let them be imposed upon? It is true that what would be considered a fault by some ladies would not be so considered by others, and the girls should all have a chance. I believe that, but would it not help to bring about a better condition of things if ladies would be a little more exacting in the matter of references or would see the former employer and learn what she really thought of the girl, not for the sake of picking flaws in her character, but that the mistress could be better prepared to meet and help the maid to overcome the fault whatever it might be instead of dismissing her without letting her know the true reason for the dismissal as is frequently done by gentle women who "hate to have any trouble" or to say anything unpleasant?

"EACH EXCEEDS THE LAST."

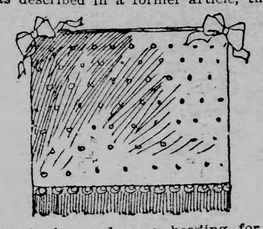
Surely This Collection Cannot Fail to Please the Fancy Workers.

Large Picture Drape.

I had a crimson velvet, silk embroidered, lambrequin 24 inches wide and about three yards long, that had been used for an arch, but was now somewhat out of date. I also had a black walnut window cornice, such as was used ten or twelve years ago. I screwed this cornice together, fastened the hooks in the wall where I thought a large picture would look well; hung the picture below the center of the cornice and draped the lambrequin across it, with easy folds at the top, leaving one end shorter than the other. Any material will do, although heavy drapery usually looks best.—Peggie Clover.

Head Rest.

For this you will need a piece of silk velvet of any desired color, and 32 inches long; some knitting silk and ribbon of the same shade, and some fancy molds. Fold the velvet lengthwise, sew up the sides and put a layer of cotton batting inside, having it a little more than one inch thick. Tie this on the wrong side with the silk, having the knots come about three inches apart, and putting a tuft of the silk in on the right side, if desired. Cover the molds with crochet work, as described in a former article, they



are to be used as a heading for a fringe two and one-half inches deep, which is tied at the bottom of the molds which are first joined at the sides. Sew this fringe across the bottom of the headrest, and fasten to the chair with ribbon bows. — Peggie Clover.

Pretty Apron.

This is a very nice "dress up" apron for a young lady and is made of white linen. The spray of flowers is worked in shaded wash silks; the edge of the apron is finished with scallops worked in button-hole stitch with heavy white

silk; the bretelles and shoulder ruffles are decorated with fine white finishing braid which edges the girdle that is made of four thicknesses of linen to give it sufficient firmness to prevent its bending over.—A. M. Cullder.

Brush and Comb Dolley.

Take a piece of butcher's linen, twelve inches long and nine inches wide. Double in a hem one inch wide all around and hemstitch it. Embroider a design of pansies or forget-me-nots upon it, either in their natural colors or in white wash silks, and trace the word "toilette" diagonally

across one end. This doiley is equally pretty made of fine white crash with a design in the old-fashioned cross-stitch bordering it, and a motto or monogram worked in the same stitch through the center.—C. A. G.

To Crochet a "Four-in-Hand."

(For Lottie V. Cooper.)

Make a chain of 24 stitches, make a shell of 3 double crochet stitches, one chain and one double crochet stitch, in every third stitch of chain, till seven shells are made; turn, three chain and shell in end stitch. Repeat until scarf is fourteen inches long; then narrow one shell each row until you have three shells remaining; continue with these until the narrow strip is nineteen inches long.—Mamie.

THE HOUSEHOLD LETTER BOX.

Good Things Show Bright Women's Interest in the Household.

A Happy and Contented Woman.

I see in The Blade the question asked: "What is my compensation; what has been sent to me to comfort me for the trials and unpleasantness that I meet with in my life?" My compensation is knowing that my life of over three score and ten has not been a useless or an idle one; and on looking at my unbroken family circle, it is a great comfort to see good results of their early training in the pathway of life.

A kind husband to share the trials of this world that I meet with, and with all there is a treasure laid up for all, an inheritance in Heaven. That is my compensation, and I hope all The Blade readers have that assurance. If not, seek Him while He may be found. —Mrs. E. W. Millis.

Sees the Best Side of Everything.

My husband brings the Toledo Blade with him when he comes home Saturday nights, and Sunday (he is at home on Sunday, and a dear, cosy day it is) we look it over and comment upon what we read—excuse me, we do go to church and eat dinner besides, but we would miss The Blade if we did not have it. The Household is especially interesting to me, and often, as I read its good spicy articles, my head is filled to bursting with ideas—so I open my mouth not to burst my head. And sometimes the ideas get on paper through my finger-tips, but they seem not the same on paper as in the head, so it finds its way into the fire—the paper does. And who knows but the ideas go on working themselves out in our lives and actions?

About the "Four Thoughtful Husbands." I was impressed with a kindly feeling toward them. I was sort of sorry for them. It seemed to me that they were good husbands, anxious to please and willing to be put out a little for their wives' sakes. To me there was something almost pathetic in the experience of No. 4. "Get something within our means." Within "our" means! What a pleasing and flattering appeal to a woman's heart. Mutual interests, sympathy and confidence between wife and husband is right and beautiful. There can not be complete happiness without it, and O, the shock that must come when one finds that the other has deceived a little. What a fall to that high respect once held. Wives and husbands, guard against this. Be honest with each other, be true to one another. There is self-respect in this; the respect of a household, of a community.

Our Household friend spoke of "scrimping" in order to obtain a coveted bonnet. I do not think she meant it in a very bad sense. I do not think that her family suffered by her so-called scrimping, but her use of the word has given us good ideas, and perhaps through her and others, we have learned lessons that will do us good all the rest of our lives. Of course, we know there is a vast difference between economy and scrimping. Economy is honorable and right; scrimping is mean, penurious, degrading.

About the girls on a street car, dressed the same, yet so differently. I do not see how any one could misunderstand our editor's kindly remarks. Some persons are too sensitive for any good use; they will not profit by a bit of good advice, nor can they take a lesson to themselves without a great deal of unnecessary irritation. Even though some one else is getting whipped, why not take a lesson quickly and quietly, and thus save ourselves whippings? School girls may absorb all they possibly can of heat and air and good advice and all that goes to make up living, and yet there is enough for the rest of us; they will not always be school girls, but even then it will be well for them to keep on absorbing.

Is it not singular how susceptible we are to a bit of flattery, even though we know it to be not altogether deserved, and how bitter against criticism, no matter how well deserved? If we do not know enough, or care enough to dress, talk or walk properly, and some one is kind enough to tell us, we should show that we have at least a little good sense in order to enable us to profit thereby.—K. H.

Is the Wife an Equal or Not?

Does it pay to to scrimp? If all concerned are agreed to the "shortening" of certain supplies in order that certain other results may be gained, yes. That is if the "scrimping" does not last so long as to become chronic, and well deserve the name of niggardliness. But if less toothsome and less wholesome food be systematically set before the family in order that one member may have some special things, it is a wrong done to all parties. We are influenced by what and how we eat, the poorer table is the result of cheating, and certainly deception don't pay. Self-respect must suffer, and the respect of others depends on concealment of such deception. If husband and wife have a mutual understanding as to income, and have decided that certain amounts can be afforded for certain things, neither one has the right to overstep the bounds set, certainly not without knowledge and consent of the other. I wish that lady had not said she was "allowed" so much for anything. It seems to so set her off as an upper servant. And the man who would treat his wife as even an upper servant would never be one to "scrimp" in the quality of his cigars, nor would he consent to appear in hat or coat which were not up to date.

Of all the phases of humiliation, there is none to quite equal that which compels a wife to ask for money. If she keeps the household machinery in order, she is earning good wages as a housekeeper, and if to that be added the duties of cook, chambermaid, waitress, nurse, perhaps seamstress and laundress, surely she has a right to her part of the income without begging for it.

I would suggest that the lady carry the purse a while, and let the husband have only such funds as he asks for. After that experience, I think they will agree on the sensible way of deducting the actual house and office expenses, and dividing equally the remainder.—Jeany.

He Doesn't Seem to Like the Story.

As you request the patrons of The blade to give their vews of the garden of edon serial that is published in the Blade will say that if the rest of the paper had degenerated as bad as that part has, I would not renew my subscription at any price. As I look at it, it is the most nonscenical article I ever saw smart men put in a paper. Yours Truly,

S. J. BRYANT.

THE HOUSEHOLD QUESTION BOX.

Inquiries and Answers of Interest to All of The Blade's Family.

Will you please help me out of my trouble? I find that nearly all good recipes for fruit cake, where there are several kinds of fruit used, call for brandy, and I am a temperance girl, and do not feel that I can allow them to make my cake with brandy. What is the brandy put in for? Some people say the cake is lighter. What can be used as a substitute?—Dora W.

You can omit the brandy or wine from your fruit cake, and substitute the juice and rind of a lemon or orange. How about vanilla, lemon and other flavoring extracts; do you allow them to be used in your cake—Ed.

Can any one tell me the author of these lines?

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."
—Mrs. E. W. Millis.

The quotation is from "The Ladder of St. Augustine," by H. W. Longfellow.—Ed.

Elizabeth:—The author of the "Garden of Eden" serial is not the William Henry Bishop who is author of "A Pound of Cure." His great modesty, the modesty that always accompanies such genius, will prevent us from giving a biographical sketch of W. H. Bishop, as you request, though it would doubtless be very welcome to his many admirers.—Ed.

Cornelia:—The next date after December 31st, 1899, will be January 1st, 1900.

Mrs. Gerrit W.:—Can you not send your recipe to the Blade so that every one might be benefited by it? It is against the rules of this department to give addresses for private correspondence.—Ed.

Wild Ivy:—Write to Mrs. Isabella C. Davis, 158 West Twenty-third street, New York, for information concerning the Order of the King's Daughters. Enclose stamp for answer.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me where I can find a song entitled "The Answer to the Gypsy's Warning?"—Rose Milton.

Probably of any music dealer.—Ed.

I have a costly black satteen dress on which I accidentally spilled some butermilk. I washed the spot with gasoline, which turned the cloth white. Can some one tell me how to restore the color?

Will some one tell me a pretty way to make a nice dress for a lady of forty years of age, whose health will not permit her to wear a corset, and who, having large hips, can not wear a short basque?

Last summer we had about fifty nice hills of cucumbers, and the first thing we knew they were covered with lice on the under side of every leaf. What shall we do if troubled again? —H.

The editor is unable to answer your last question. It was correct, and perfectly proper for you to ask, but the answer cannot be found.—Ed.

Answers.

Dear Editor:—Why schoolgirls giggle and gossip at the same time is because they have just fallen in love for the first time and feel silly. I have often thought the little dears could not help it.—J. M. P.

Could not help what—feeling silly? —Ed.

Rheumatism in the hands can be cured by a free use of angle-worm oil, rubbed in hot. When the rheumatism is in the shoulders and arms, it can be relieved in a very short time by applying a poultice of grated horse radish moistened with vinegar.—J. H. Allen.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

The Season Governs Somewhat the Food Supplies.

E'en though 'tis Lent, we all must eat
Three meals a day, of fish, or meat,
Or something else.

The poetry editor of a certain paper sent the above—"contribution," he called it, to the Household cook, with regrets that he "could not think of any more of it." Although it is not probable that any one will share in the regret, or that the author of the contribution will ever be crowned Poet Laureate, still there is a great deal of truth in what he writes—more truth than poetry. It does not seem as if there were any times, or seasons, when the duties of the cook are lessened, but they are certainly made much lighter by the reception of such letters as this one:

"I have received so much help from the Blade that I feel as though I would like to help some one else, so send these recipes.—Mrs. F. C. W."

Mock Cherry Pie.

For 1 pie, chop 1 cupful of cranberries and 1-2 cupful of raisins; add 1 cupful sugar, 1 cupful water, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, 1-2 teaspoonful of vanilla and a little salt. Bake with 2 crusts.

Orange Pudding.

Peel, remove the seeds, and slice very thin, 3 sweet oranges. Place them in the dish from which they are to be served, and sprinkle over them 1-2 cupful of sugar. Rub smooth in a little cold milk 1 1-2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch; stir it into 1 pt. of boiling water, to which 1-2 cupful of sugar has been added. Stir till it is smooth, then pour over the oranges and serve cold.—Mrs. F. C. Woodburn.

Prospect Pie.

1 cupful of stewed and sifted apples, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of milk; butter the size of an egg, yolks of 3 eggs and nutmeg, or other flavoring to suit your taste. Bake with one crust. Beat the whites of the eggs, with 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar; spread on top of the pie when baked; return to the oven to brown.

Whipped Cream Pie.

Line a pie tin with rich paste, and bake in a quick oven. When done, spread with a thin layer of jelly, or preserves, and over this spread 1 cupful of cream, whipped till it is as light as possible.—Mayme C. G.

A NEW UTOPIA.

Dream Induced by Reading the "Garden of Eden, U. S. A."

I sat one night until quite late,
And thought on things both small and great,
And social problems vexed my head
When I should have been asleep in bed.
Millions increase the rich man's greed,
The poor are very poor indeed.

While pond'ring thus I slept, I fear,
And dreamed a dream so very queer.
I found myself within a hall
With polished walls, and ceilings tall,
The furniture was rich and rare
And millionaires were gathered there.

There was Rockefeller and J. J. Hill
And Mr. Armour, nicknamed Phil,
Mrs. Stanford and Mrs. Fair
And many another millionaire,
Were they here to scheme and plan
How more to afflict their fellow man?

Shall we still more be made to feel
The plutocratic, iron heel?
No, as I looked, strange to relate,
They met to form a syndicate,
To plan, to scheme, perhaps to find
A way to better all mankind.

To form a trust, one with another,
To elevate their fellow brother.
This their object, this their theme,
To form a great industrial scheme
To help the poor. To form a state
In which all shall co-operate.
With farms and factory, shops and school,
All based upon the golden rule.

Both time and place, as it doth seem,
Are not computed when we dream.
Lo, what a change! I dreamed again,
And found myself on a fertile plain.
In sunny clime and balmy air,
And all surroundings good and fair,
With fields and fruits all heavy laden,
A paradise. A very Eden.

With farms and mills and shops galore—
The like I'd never seen before—
And as in dream I moved along
And viewed the happy, busy throng,
Each to his occupation bent,
Their every feature showed content.
And as I wondered, as I thought,
I could but say "What hath God wrought?"

—John E. Willits.

OUR MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Fifteen Different States Send Delegates to Our Convention.

Otach, Iowa: "I wish to step with the Merry-Go-Rounds just long enough to say that I, too, agree with Bitter Sweet and Nan that we can dispense with birds on our hats. I never wore one."

Yellow Aster, West Virginia: "I would like to extend a cordial invitation to the Merry-Go-Rounds to take a short tour in West Virginia, as I think they would find much to interest them here. This is sugar-making season, and I am sure every one of them would enjoy a day in 'camp.' It is interesting to watch the sparkling sap as it runs down the spiles and drips into the clean troughs, but it is even more enjoyable to taste the syrup and sugar! I would say to Young Housekeeper that in my opinion no life is as free from care and temptation as that of a farmer; and I agree with Lisa's farming idea, not seeing why women cannot prove themselves a success as farmers."

Evelyn, Ohio: "Do any of our school girls study botany? I do, and enjoy it very much, and would like to exchange specimens this coming spring with any one. Novels have a strange effect upon me; the more of them I read the more disgusted I become with the 'sameness' there is about them all. Now, girls, don't suppose that I am a 'goody-goody' girl; I like a good book, but in the average novel there is a similarity of characters, scenes and situations that I find tiresome."

Ferne Hazleton, Michigan: "Since returning from our 'never-to-be-forgotten' tour abroad, I have been anxious to meet with the Circle again, and shake hands with those who were so unfortunate as to remain at home. The plan for organization of the Merry-Go-Rounds seems to meet with universal approval, and I wish to say to the members of my own state, let us endeavor to redouble our forces, and give 'Michigan, my Michigan' a place in the front ranks."

A good way for the Wolverines (or any other states-people) to accomplish so desirable an end is to look over the attractions offered in The Blade premium lists, and by securing one of those for themselves, secure also a larger membership list for their native state.

Agnes, Missouri: "I know a person who has an ugly face, but with it such a loving, agreeable disposition that there is no one who knows her but will tell you they think more of her than of all the pretty-faced girls they know. Let me say to Sam Igotus that I think before the three hundred and sixty-five dinners were all eaten, he might wish he had a wife with an ugly face and a few kind words for him."

Query by Miss Prudence: Is it absolutely out of the question for pretty girls to be kind and lovable? One would almost fear that was the case, judging from the opinions given by some of the correspondents. Happily the Chaperone knows better, for one of her nearest neighbors is a young girl whose face is a pleasure to look upon, and whose beauty goes 'clear through,' and shows itself in every word and act of her busy, helpful life.

Col. Suckerlait, Oregon: "My home is in the Willamette valley; I am a farmer's son, and we are busy putting in our crops (March 4). I wish the Merry-Go-Rounds could spend a day in Oregon, gathering wild flowers, which are in full bloom now; roaming through the woods that are full of the delightful odor of fresh opened maple buds; and viewing the beautiful scenery of the Coast Range and the Cascade Mountains that seem to surround it like a great wall, strengthened by snow-capped peaks whose tops are lost in the clouds. I stand six feet two inches in my stockings, weigh 210 pounds, and can throw a 200-pound sack of flour over my head as easily as if it were a pillow; and I'm only 20 years old. I advise all Merry-Go-Rounds with pale faces to make a trip to Oregon, as it is certainly the place to become healthy, wealthy and wise."

Tamarack, North Dakota: "Replying to Imogene's question, I think that the highest compliment a man can pay to a woman is to say that she is as good as his mother. It would amuse the Merry-Go-Round housekeepers to see some of the bachelors here cooking 'flap-jacks.' Enough pancake batter is put into a frying pan to make one flapjack as large as the bottom of the pan. When it is cooked on one side, it is given a slight shake, deftly tossed and turned in the air and caught in the pan, ready to cook on the other side! I presume that manner of turning gives them their name."

Eva M., Iowa: "I like the plan of the organization, especially the motto, which will be a great help to us all, if we will act upon it. I would like to ask Sam Igotus what will the homely girls do, if all our young gentlemen choose only beautiful ones?"

Hayseed, Kansas: "I want to thank Red Cloud for reminding Ellene that the laws permit the observance of either Saturday or Sunday as the Sabbath; and to the little Shamrock from Maryland I would say that I certainly think a man could be forced to refrain from ordinary labor on the Sabbath. Poor Sam Igotus! I am sorry he lost so much sleep, only to arrive at such a conclusion! If he cannot see a person's inner nature, I suppose he would be satisfied with mere beauty. For my part I want to see Kansas the banner state, and so wish to arouse state patriotism."

Busy Buckeye, Ohio, wishes his nom changed. The Chaperone, however, is obliged to decline changing it, and wishes to announced to all the Merry-Go-Rounds that since the organization went into effect, their noms have been listed alphabetically, and it will not be at all convenient for her to have them exchanged for others, as in that case she is obliged to re-enter them on her list book. She assures Busy Buckeye that her denial of his request is perfectly impersonal; he simply happened to be the first person wishing to make such a change since the new order of things went into effect. If he wishes any addresses, he should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Prudence, who will gladly forward any that he asks for.

Pansy, Colorado: "My home is in the Rocky Mountains, more than 10,000 feet above the sea level. The snow is very deep, and our winters are long and cold, but we have beautiful wild flowers in the summer time. There is no school near enough for me to attend, but I study at home. I love to read, and if any of the Merry-Go-Rounds have books that they do not care for, that are suitable for a little ten-year-old girl to read, I will pay postage on them if they will send them to me. I have read the Life of Garfield and Nasby in Exile this winter."

As a general thing "mamma" thinks about right, Miss Pansy, but this time you may tell her from me that she was mistaken, that you are very welcome to the circle, and that your little letter was nicely written and perfectly spelled, which is more than can be said of some older correspondents.

C. U. Later, Virginia: "I live on a farm not far from the county seat of Wythe, Va. This has been the coldest winter known here for many years. We have had snow ever since Christmas, and sleigh-riding and coasting are our principal amusements. I agree with Em T. Head in regard to novel reading, but think they should not be read to the exclusion of more solid and improving literature."

Pate, Kansas: "Kansas should be the second state in our union; of course we'll allow Ohio to rank first. Kansas readers to the front and let's make her so! Miss Lisa, I consider farming just the thing for women, provided, as in other professions, they are suited to it. Sam Igotus must be very handsome if he thinks a young lady will marry him just to look at him! I shall choose character before good looks!"

Pine Cone, Wis.: "How can anyone be so narrow-minded as to care only for a pretty face! It takes but a moment to mar beauty, while a sweet temper and a noble mind are lasting treasures. Did you really mean it, Sam?"

Theresa Thorne, O.: "I was not a little amused by the remarks of one of the male members of our circle in regard to personal beauty. The young man was evidently honest in his opinion, and yet I marvel that he could not get his thoughts beyond the beauty of a woman's face. Still his ideas are a pleasant change from those of some men, who would scarcely consider their wife's appearance, their whole thought being concentrated on the 'bill of fare.'"

Little Miss Muffit, O.: "I became so indignant upon reading Sam Igotus' letter that I could not stay away another minute! I think that his idea of beauty must be a very light one, as he thinks only of perfect features, but I know we all forget that a person's face is unpleasing when we really love them. I don't believe in reading novels promiscuously, but I do think some works of fiction are of more benefit than all the sermons ever preached. I think also that card-playing and dancing, if not carried to excess, are not in the least hurtful."

H. I. Story, Ill.: "Will you allow a stranger to take a seat within the light of your circle? My favorite authors are Irving, Pansy, Dickens and E. P. Roe. I am afraid you will tire of me if I stay any longer so will depart, giving for my nom my favorite study."

Emma Scharpf, Pa.:—"My home is on the banks of the Ohio river where, in summer time, when the water is low, I take pleasure in gathering shells, of which there are a great number of very pretty ones, including mussel and periwinkles, and others whose names I do not know. I have quite a collection of shells and minerals, and will try to describe some of them. I have a shell that came from Scotland, the shell of a razor-fish, about six inches long and one inch wide, and open at one side like a mussel. Another one is not peculiar in itself, but has on the outside petrifications of small sea-lizards, the bodies of which show very plainly though they seem to have been cut off at the shoulders, as the limbs next the head are very perfect, while the head itself is missing. Another shell is a 'mother-shell,' having hundreds of tiny shells fastened to it. I have shells from Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Italy and Africa. I love minerals and fossils too, and have quite a collection of each. I would write more about them and of pebbles, and a few agates that came from the Ganges river in Hindostan, but for fear of my long letter finding its way to the waste-basket."

Miss Prudence is sure the circle will join most heartily in her invitation to Miss Emma to come again at an early date with her interesting description.

Nellie E. Jones, Ind., sends the following pretty history of the origin of Moore's song, "Those Evening Bells:"

"In the cathedral at Limerick there hangs a chime of bells, cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they were first hung, that he might daily enjoy their music. In a political revolution the bells were taken away to a distant land, and their maker himself became an exile. His wand-rings, after many years, brought him to Ireland, and one beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid Shannon, the chimes suddenly pealed forth from the cathedral tower. His practiced ear caught their sweet tones, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his lost friends, his native land and all the best associations of his life were represented by those sounds. He laid himself down in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay silent and motionless. He did not answer those who spoke to him, and bending over him they saw that his spirit had gone out with the tide of sweet memories that vibrated its chords at the sound of those 'Sweet Evening Bells.'"

THE DOLL'S WOOING.

The little French doll was a dear little doll,
Tricked out in the sweetest of dresses;
Her eyes were of hue
A most delicate blue
And as dark as the night were her tresses;
Her dear little mouth was fluted and red,
And this little French doll was so very well bred
That whenever accosted her little mouth said:
"Mamma! Mamma!"

The stockinet doll, with one arm and one leg,
Had once been a handsome young fellow,
But now he appeared
Rather frowzy and bleared
In his torn regimentals of yellow;
Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay
In the little toy cart near the window one day
And heard the sweet voice of that French dolly say:
"Mamma! Mamma!"

He listened so long and he listened so hard
That anon he grew ever so tender.
For it's everywhere known
That the feminine tone
Gets away with all masculine gender.
He up and he wooed her with soldierly zest,
But all she'd reply to the love he professed
Were these plaintive words (which perhaps you have guessed):
"Mamma! Mamma!"

Her mother—a sweet little lady of five—
Vouchsafed her paternal protection,
And although stockinet
Wasn't blue-blooded, yet
She really could make no objection.
So soldier and dolly were wedded one day,
And a moment ago, as I journeyed that way,
I'm sure that I heard a wee baby voice say:
"Mamma! Mamma!"
—Eugene Field, in the Chicago Record.

AWAY OUT IN ARKANSAW.

By "Sweet Sixteen," a Merry-Go-Rounder.

My home is on a fruit farm, and though I do not suppose all my readers are farmers, I hope this letter from the land of big red apples will interest them.

As the earth is nature's treasury, and the plow is the key that unlocks it, farming is the principal occupation here in Arkansas, and at harvest time our farmers are well repaid for their labor, since the fertile soil yields abundant crops.

True, some of the soil is poor indeed; so poor that 'tis said you can hear the cotton groan two miles away, in its effort to sprout through the ground! I have never heard it, however, and 'tis only hearsay after all. Of late our agriculturists have turned their attention to fruit growing, especially apples, though grapes, peaches and berries receive attention, and Arkansas promises to be the leading fruit country in the Union.

The vast cotton plantations in the southern part of the state afford work for all, and in the autumn when the air grows hazy, they are the Mecca of many pilgrims from other states, who come in the regular "prairie schooner" with their household goods and gods, bound for the cotton fields.

Among the most celebrated phenomena of this country are the Hot Springs; these issue from a steep bank nearly 200 feet above the Hot Springs Creek. They number more than one hundred; their temperature is from 140 to 150 degrees. The Mammoth spring, in Fulton county, flows from a large cavernous opening, forty yards in circumference; it boils up constantly at the rate of 8,000 barrels per minute, its temperature being 60 degrees.

The old garrison at Fort Smith still remains; it is very old, and a city has sprung up around it bearing the old fort's name.

The summer resorts are delightful, fanned by the balmy Southern breezes. And the sparkling waves seem to talk, but their fascinating tales must be heard if their charms are to be appreciated, for their attractions are numberless and can be but imperfectly described by words.

A ridge in Hot Springs county is made of the most beautiful variety of novaculite, consisting mainly of pure silica, and said to be the finest in the world. Porcelain earth is found in some places, eighteen feet below the general surface of the country.

I could tell the M. G. R's. about a little mite of a log house, with eaves so low you could easily reach them. This house was without a window, yet it was the home of nine people, and the three young ladies of the family entertained three sweethearts at one time in this very little house. Some time, perhaps, I will tell the bachelors about Arkansas's pretty girls, but not today.

Come and see us, come along;
I am here to greet you
With a laugh and song;
'Tis the finest country found,
And I'll show you all around
O'er my happy little home,
In Arkansaw.

Three Little Pink Flowers.

"Gimme just free o' dem little pink flowers, missus?" and a little black hand was thrust up to the flower counter, three dingy pennies were dropped, and the black face, overtopped by a ragged felt hat, turned towards a large bowl filled with pink carnations. The flowers were wrapped in soft white paper and passed to the urchin with the words:

"Five cents."

A look of disappointment came to the child's face, for he knew it would be of no use to reach down into his pocket for two more pennies. It was a stormy night; the papers had found few customers. The two under his arm were already wet and oedraggled. What was he to do? There stood the woman, holding out her hand. A great lump had formed in the boy's throat; he put his hand there as though to crush it, then with childish desperation and with an appealing look, he entreated:

"Lemme pay t'other soon 'n-morrer. I'll be here suah."

"But why not wait to buy the pinks to-morrow? They'll keep."

"O wal, ye see, Miry moughtn't be dar to-morrer; she coughs terrible an' she ain't had none o' dem." And then, as though the desire to possess the flowers had given him renewed energy and courage, he said, "I'll hole 'um a minnit. I'll try fur it, sin." Out at the door he went and up the street, calling out the name of the evening paper, for it was already quite dark. In a short time he appeared again, his hat a little more damp, his boots bearing more mud, but his face! Ah, the happiness that shone from his eyes illuminated his whole face! and as he walked off with the three little pink blossoms he waved his torn hat in adieu to the saleswoman.

THE OLD CLOCK.

She gazed at the tall old clock on the stair;
'Twas a relic of days long fled.
A costly timepiece, a treasure rare,
But lately purchased and perched up there.
"A quaint old gem," she said.

"Did you stand in the old baronial hall,
Where the firelight flickered red
On polished floor and on carven wall,
Where fell the shadows of chairbacks tall
And straightly stiff?" she said.

"Did you look, perchance, on a winsome ma

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

A CASE OF TRUE LOVE.

A Lucky Printer Will Wed an Heiress.

Boston, March 20.—John Bohen, a printer of this city, is soon to marry Miss Theresa Gertrude Butler, only daughter of Capt. Howard G. Butler, the Philadelphia millionaire. The engagement has been kept a secret, it is said, at the desire of the young woman's parents who do not favor the match. After an extended tour in Europe in pursuit of her studies, during which she received the attentions of many titled butterflies, Miss Butler returned home. She is a beautiful girl, the idol of her mother's heart and the pride of her rich father, with three-quarters of a million in her own right.

Last August Miss Butler with her parents went to Newport, where they were guests of Mrs. Bigelow. At about the same time Mr. Bohen with a party from Boston went to Newport to attend a dance given in the Newport bazaar. There he first met Miss Butler. They met often, and the story goes that the girl's parents ordered Bohen to cease his attentions. The order was not obeyed and secret meetings followed. In this way a month was passed, and then Mr. Bohen returned to Boston and began to communicate by letter, becoming engaged about the middle of last January.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler protested, but their daughter insisted that she loved young Bohen and that his poverty should not be a bar to their union. Then the parents gave their consent, and on Washington's birthday the couple met in New York and made arrangements for the marriage. The wedding will take place in the home of the bride's parents on Chester avenue in Philadelphia, but there will be no display. It is planned that their honeymoon will be spent in a New England town and then the couple will go to Europe for a year. Miss Butler is 24 years old. Mr. Bohen is a year her senior. The latter has been a compositor on several of the Boston daily newspapers. Captain Butler is said to be worth nearly $2,000,000, and is well known on Wall street.

FOUND FIFTEEN INDICTMENTS

Against Twenty-Eight Men for Murder.

New Orleans, May 21.—The grand jury came into the criminal district court and after the usual formalities, the foreman presented fifteen indictments charging 28 men with murder, committed on last Tuesday morning in the levee troubles.

All of the indictments contain the clause "and other persons whose names are as yet unknown to the grand jurors being workmen and laborers in the occupation of rolling, placing and stowing compressed cotton on board of vessels at the port of New Orleans."

Most of the men indicted have been under surveillance for several days, and it was an easy matter to locate them as soon as the writs were issued. Ten or twelve surrendered at once on learning of the indictments, a few more were in jail waiting a preliminary hearing, and the remainder were arrested by the sheriff's deputies, reinforced by detectives. The difficulties which beset the governor in handling the troubles have been further complicated by a strong intimation from merchants that no further funds will be contributed by them for the support of the troops. They ask that more decided measures should have been adopted in dealing with the rioters, and that the trouble should have been thatt quieted some days ago. The governor is in consultation with his advisers, striving to find means to provide for the support of the troops, the state militia fund being altogether inadequate for the purpose.

SOLD HIS WIFE.

How They Do Business Over In Indiana.

Anderson, Ind., March 20.—Joe Mix, known all over the Central states, sold his wife yesterday to Joe Bodgley for $25 cash, and gave Bodgley her bed clothing and a few other trinkets to boot. After getting legal advice as to the validity of the transaction, Bodgley took his newly purchased property to his home in the southern part of the city. At the last term of court Bodgley was divorced from his wife. About a year ago Laura Clearwater was divorced from her husband, and soon after was married to Joe Mix. About 11 o'clock yesterday Mrs. Mix went to the office of Kittinger & Reardon, where Bodgley was waiting, and told the attorneys how it was. She said Joe had sold her and her things to Bodgley for $25 cash and the money had been paid. She wanted to know if such a contract was binding. Mr. Kittinger, who is the religious member of the firm, read a few verses from the Bible which advises that a woman obey her husband in all things and very solemnly advised Mrs. Mix to follow the scriptural injunction. They will live together unless the law interferes.

NICHOLSON TEMPERANCE ACT

Endorsed by the Prohibition State Committee.

Indianapolis, March 20.—The Prohibition state committee passed a resolution endorsing the Nicholson temperance act, and calling on members of the party to assist in enforcing it. It warned members of the party to "rest satisfied with no legislation short of total, unconditional abolishing of traffic in intoxicating beverages in every form."

The committee calls upon every prohibitionist to stand firm in his ballot, which should be at all times a register of protest against the license system, which is recognized and tolerated by every other party.

MAY GET A SENATOR.

Higgins and Addicks Factions Trying to Get Together.

Dover, Del., March 25.—Strenuous efforts were being made to effect a compromise between the Higgins and Addicks factions and it is confidently expected that a United States Senator will be chosen this week. One ballot was taken to-day. It resulted as follows: Higgins, 8; Addicks, 5; Massey, 8; Ridgely, 10; Tunnell, 1.

GEN. ADAM BADEAU IS DEAD.

He Was Military Secretary Under Gen. Grant.

Ridgewood, N. J., March 20.—Gen. Adam Badeau, who was on the staff of Gen. Grant as military secretary and who afterwards served as secretary of the American legation in London, is dead, aged sixty-four years.

James G. Fair's Granddaughter.

San Francisco, March 21.—The Examiner announces the discovery of a grand-daughter of James G. Fair, who may play an important part in the litigation over the late millionaire's estate. The child is about five years old, and is the daughter of James Fair, the ex-Senator's eldest son, and Mary Ellen Lampman, who it is asserted was probably married to young Fair in 1888. The child was left at an orphan asylum and was adopted by Mrs. Charles Gregory. It is believed that the knowledge that this child was in existence impelled the ex-Senator to insert in his will relative to the claim of illegitimate or legitimate, but not recognized children of his sons.

For the Denver Exposition.

Denver, March 22.—The International Mining & Industrial Association, incorporated to carry on an exposition in Denver next year, has elected the following officers:

President, David H. Moffatt; first vice president, James B. Grant; second vice president, Albert W. McIntyre; secretary, Frank E. Hartman; treasurer, Jerome A. Vickers; auditor, Frank C. Young.

Is Now a Holiday in Maine.

Augusta, Me., March 20.—In the state senate yesterday, a resolution to make Abraham Lincoln's birthday a national holiday was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION

In Rocky Mountain Mine No. 5, at Red Canyon.

Salt Lake City, Utah, March 21.—A special to the Tribune from Red Canyon says:

A terrible explosion at Rocky Mountain Mine No. 5, situated at Red Canyon, Wyo., is believed to have killed 80 men who are imprisoned in the mine in addition to the ten who were in the power house above ground or near the shaft openings.

The horror occurred at 5:45 yesterday evening at No. 5 Central Pacific mine, Red Canyon, five miles north of Evanston. The explosion in the mine shocked the whole country around, wrecked the power plant, a fan house and several other buildings, entailing a heavy loss, but the death roll far overshadows other considerations.

Edwin Cox, the outside carpenter, James Bruce, outside boss, James W. Clark, Wm. Sellers, jr., and James Gernilly, an Austrian, were killed in the power house, while O. Maltby, foreman, Jerry Crawford and Andrew Mason were injured and died soon afterward, the last three being about the power house at the time of the explosion.

A few hours later the dead bodies of James Limb and Fred Morgan were brought from the slope, only a short distance down.

No one, after seeing the ghastly spectacle presented by the two bodies brought out of the slope, could have hopes of any in the mine being alive.

These bodies were burned and blackened, with garments torn to shreds, making it almost impossible to identify them. How many were in the mine at the time of the explosion will take time to tell, but the best information obtainable now places the number at over 80. Nearly all known to be killed leave large families.

The explosion is described by many as most terrific, shaking the whole town, and causing women and children to run into the streets crying, "Oh, my husband," "Oh, my papa," with raised hands, imploring for the safety of the beloved ones. The explosion is supposed to have come from a blast setting fire to dust, making a dust explosion, since the mine was supposed to be free from gas, and being well ventilated.

The Rocky Mountain company, generally designated as the Central Pacific mines, have two mines, Nos. 5 and 6, with one mile face, making two separate mines with 150 feet pillars separating them. This leaves No. 6 unharmed, but deprives the company of one half of its capacity.

This is the third disastrous explosion in this vicinity. In 1881 No. 2 mine, Rocky Mountain, exploded, killing 36 Chinese and four white men. In the spring of 1886 Union Pacific mine No. 4 killed 36 men.

All agree that the cause of the explosion was a miner putting in a large charge of powder to break down a big amount of coal for the next morning. This charge set fire to what is known as dust explosion. This dust is of minute particles of coal mixed with air, and made the dangerous compound which caused the destruction of property and carried so many men to instant death. The work of bringing out the dead is necessarily slow, since after getting the men in the man-way lying near the exit, they were so far down the mine. Besides those killed in the manway the balance met death on the seventh and eighth levels. Some of the bodies were partly covered with the caves, hence requiring search to find them, but most of them lay fully exposed.

The distress of the bereaved calls loudly for aid. Of the 51 women who have been bereft of protection and support of husband, they with their families probably make a total of 300 persons fully worthy of the deepest sympathy. Twenty-six remain in the mine about 40 bodies.

James Bruce, Willard Brown, Samuel Bate, Henry Burton, Thos. Booth, Aaron Butte, W. E. Cox, Jerry Crawford, Samuel Clay, J. T. Clark, James T. Clark, Charles Clark, James W. Clark, Albert Clark, George Critchley, John Dexter, Augel Deremedi, J. R. Fearn, W. H. Grieves, W. Graham, George Hides, J. R. Hayden, Samuel Hutchinson, Thomas Hutchinson, Jas. Hutchinson, Geo. Hardy, Isaac Johnson, B. Julien, M. Johnson, James Limb, John G. Locke, Edward Lawrie, W. Langdon, M. Langdon, D. Lloyd, J. Lester, J. Lehti, J. Lapar, Charles Kasati, C. Maltby, F. Morgan, W. Morris, W. John Morris, J. J. Martin, W. Miller, W. Mason, H. A. Nybern, J. Phebey, William Pope, Henry Seathern, Wm. Sellers, jr., Wm. Sellers, sr., Matt Silta, Hugh Sloan, Wm. Wagstaff, Wm. Weedoh.

A BIG COTTON FIRE.

Fire in One of the Largest Presses in This Country.

New Orleans, March 21.—The cotton trade of New Orleans, which has suffered greatly the past two or three months on account of labor troubles on the river, received another blow this morning, when between 15,000 and 20,000 bales were consumed by fire. The conflagration occurred in the International Cotton Press, situated at the corner of Deamle and South Peters streets, which is considered to be one of the largest presses in the city. The flames were first discovered about 3 this morning by a watchman employed to watch the press. He was making his rounds when he discovered a blaze burning briskly among the tightly packed bales stored in the yard, No. 1.

At that time a regular gale from the northwest was blowing and fanned the flames to such an extent that Chief Engineer O'Connor saw that the force at hand was inadequate to handle the fire, and a general alarm was sounded, which brought every engine in the city to the scene. The cotton burned so fiercely, causing such an intense heat, that it was almost impossible for the firement to get within fighting distance, and the smoke was so dense that several of the firemen had narrow escapes from suffocation. The fire finally got beyond the control of the department and spread across the street to yard No. 2, where several thousand bales of cotton were stored. For six hours the battle between the firemen and the devouring element raged, until the former got the upper hold. The loss will probably amount to $300,000. A great deal of the insurance was placed in foreign companies which have agencies in this city.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE WINS.

Granted Equal Rights With Men in South Australia.

New York, March 25.—Hamilton Wilcox has received a cable dispatch from the agent general of South Australia at London, announcing that Queen Victoria has given her consent to the bill passed by the parliament of South Australia relieving women entirely from disfranchisement and giving them the same suffrage and on the same terms as their brothers, and that this bill is now a law. He says this victory for woman's suffrage is immense, that it wholly outweighs and belittles the defeats elsewhere and that this extraordinary success enables the friends of women's enfranchisement to smile at those defeats. He states that women suffrage is established by the new law over nearly a million of square miles.

RIOTERS OTHERWISE ENGAGED.

The Negroes Went to Work Without Military Protection.

New Orleans, March 25.—The negroes went to work on the levee this morning without military protection. The soldiers are held in their armories in case of trouble.

As many of the so-called rioters, who made themurderous assault on the colored laborers two weeks ago, are under arrest, it is not believed there will be any further violence until the murderers are well out of their present trouble with the law.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL TALKS.

He Thinks That the Republicans Will Name a Free Silver Man.

La Porte, Ind., March 23.—In an interview on the prospects of Republican presidential candidates Col. Robert G. Ingersoll says that the nomination in 1896 will go to an advocate of free silver, and that no candidate nominated on a single issue can hope to be successful.

GOOD MISSIONARY WORK.

Result of Governor McKinley's Present Southern Tour.

Jacksonville, Fla., March 22.—A telegram received last night by Hon. Dennis Eagan, chairman of the Republican state committee of Florida, from Hon. Mark A. Hanna, at Thomasville, Ga., announces that Governor McKinley was taken suddenly ill there yesterday afternoon, and did not deem it prudent to start on the contemplated journey to Florida.

While Governor McKinley's friends say that there is no political significance in his tour through the South, it is a fact that they have been in conference at Mr. Hanna's house in Thomasville with numerous Republican leaders from Georgia, Alabama, the Carolinas and several near-by Western states, and it is given out here that the Georgia delegation in the national convention will be solid for McKinley from start to finish. It is also said by those in the confidence of the party leaders that as a result of this Southern trip the McKinley men have one hundred Southern votes in sight for their man on the first ballot. W. M. Osborne, Esq., of Boston who has been with the party, will probably be able to capture some of the Massachusetts delegation for McKinley, and it is said that through Osborne a plan has been laid by which no one of the New England delegations will go into the national convention solid for Hon. Thomas B. Reed, but that every one of them will have one or more McKinley men in it.

A prominent Maine Republican here says that there is dismay among Tom Reed's friends in the East at the rapid defection of Western Republicans from Reed's support, and that they look with consternation upon the successful launching of the McKinley boom in Thomasville last week.

RADEBAUGH CONTRADICTED.

Governor Tod's Old Private Secretary Sends Word.

Youngstown, O., March 25.—The Telegram to-day will publish a letter from Judge B. F. Hoffman, now living at Pasadena, Cal., who was private secretary to the late Gov. David Tod, of Ohio, which emphatically discredits the recent story of a Columbus man to the effect that the rebel general, John Morgan, was secretly released from the Ohio penitentiary as the result of some understanding between Secretary Stanton and Governor Tod. Judge Hoffman says:

"I don't believe a word of this yarn of Radebaugh. He was not any confidant of Governor Tod. He had no relation with Governor Tod. I was Tod's private secretary at the time, closely allied to him confidentially, and would most certainly have heard or known something of such a matter. But I know that the prison cells were examined where General Morgan and others, some seven or eight (not 13 as stated) went down into the vault underneath through holes cut through the floor of the cells, and out under the outside prison wall through a tunnel cut from the vault to the outside, and when outside they climbed up the prison gate and let themselves down with ropes on a dark night. The examination fully made showed all this to the satisfaction of everyone at the time."

BILL BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

It Would Prevent the Importation of Dressed Meats in Minnesota.

St. Paul, March 22.—A bill designed to prevent the bringing of dressed meats to Minnesota from outside states has been introduced in the Senate in the guise of a bill in the interest of public health. Sheep on the hoof are to be inspected at 1-2 cent, hogs at 1 cent and cattle at 5 cents. For inspection of slaughtered cattle the fee is 25 cents for each carcass or part thereof and 10 cents for hogs and sheep. The words "or any part thereof" bars out dressed meats from abroad as they come in pieces.

Speaking of the situation a representative of one of the large Chicago concerns said: "Under that ruling every side of bacon shipped into any city of 30,000 inhabitants or more would have to be inspected and would be taxed 10 cents, and if reshipped from either of the twin cities to another city would have to be inspected with another charge. Both Kansas City and Chicago men are here, it is said, to prevent the passage of the bill if possible.

THE RECEIVERS RESIGNED,

But There Seemed to be No Row Among Them.

Chicago, March 23.—All three receivers of the whisky trust resigned today. The resignations were presented to Federal Judge Grosscup. The receivers who resigned are Gen. John McNulta, John J. Mitchell and E. F. Lawrence.

It was thought by many that the resignations were the result of a fight between the factions of the trust, and that sensational developments would follow, but nothing that would indicate that such was the case appeared on the surface to-day. The proceedings before Judge Grosscup were quiet and apparently entirely peaceable.

A lengthy discussion of the matter followed, it being generally agreed that but one receiver should be appointed. Finally, at the conclusion of the conference, Judge Grosscup announced that he would accept the resignations of Receivers Mitchell and Lawrence, and that Gen. McNulta would be continued as sole receiver.

QUALIFIED WOMAN CITIZENS.

Important Decision Handed Down by Judge Ricks.

Cleveland, March 23.—Judge Augustus J. Ricks, of the U. S. circuit court, to-day handed down an important decision in reference to the question of whether a foreign born woman becomes a citizen of the United States when she marries a citizen of this country.

The decision was rendered on an application filed by Minnie R. Whitehead, of this city, for admission to citizenship in the United States of America.

Mrs. Whitehead came to this country in 1867, and later married Thomas R. Whitehead, a native of the United States. Judge Ricks holds that Mrs. Whitehead became a citizen of the United States by her marriage to Thomas R. Whitehead, a citizen thereof, and needs no certificate of naturalization.

ANOTHER PATENT EXPIRES.

It Covers the Manufacture of Incandescent Lights.

New York, March 23.—One of Edison's patents covering the manufacture of the incandescent light has expired, and on that account an order was made by Judge Lacombe, in the United States Circuit Court yesterday, dissolving temporary injunctions obtained by the Edison Electric Light company against the United Electric Light and Power company, the Sawyer-Mann and the Mt. Morris Electric Light company and a number of individuals. The patent was obtained on January 27, 1880.

HUNTING FOR MONEY.

Company Organized to Secure the Holmes Estate, England.

Springfield, O., March 22.—The Baldrige Investigating company is the name of an organization just incorporated by Springfielders and other heirs, numbering over 300, to secure the Holmes estate, in England, of four hundred million dollars. It is the largest unclaimed estate in the world. Prominent heirs are: John Burg, Dr. James Baldrige, Cashier Commercial bank, Cincinnati; Alex Shaw and Lawyer Sam Isbell, of St. Louis.

COLIS P. HUNTINGTON

Said to Have Been Indicted by the United States Grand Jury.

San Francisco, March 23.—The U. S. grand jury yesterday afternoon returned an indictment against some party whose name is withheld, and the amount was fixed at $5,000.

The afternoon papers assert that the indictment is against C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Railroad company, for violation of the interstate commerce act in issuing passes to politicians.

SOME IMPORTANT DEFECTS

In the Law for the Collection of the Income Tax.

New York, March 23.—The Internal Revenue Record, of New York, will, in its issue of March 25, publish an elaborate opinion by Thomas Harland, formerly deputy commissioner of internal revenue, which throws doubt upon the practical collectibility of the tax upon incomes.

The ex-commissioner holds that no penalties are incurred by the failure to present a return of income until a formal demand has been made at the residence or place of business after April 15, by the collector, and compliance with it neglected or refused. He holds also, that the taxpayer has the right, unless he voluntarily waives it, to insist that the collector and not the deputy collector shall call and assist him in making out his return. The taxpayer may disclose to the collector the particulars of his income and then that officer must himself make up the return if requested to do so.

He concludes that the number of collectors is too small to perform these duties. The possible number of collectors in the whole country is 126 at the utmost, and there are only about 65 now appointed. There is only one, for example, for the three states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

He recommends that the collection of the tax be suspended until additional legislation is procured at the next session of Congress for its enforcement.

A LABOR DISPUTE.

Locked Out Operatives at Olneyville Are Excited.

Providence, R. I., March 25.—The operatives of the Atlantic mills of Olneyville held a mass meeting Sunday afternoon and discussed the lockout. All the speeches were bitter against the mill owners and the meeting lasted several hours, but it was decided to delay aggressive action as it is expected that a general strike will be ordered by the district council of textile workers within a few days.

The locked-out operatives are in a state bordering on riot, and it is feared that the leaders cannot keep them under control until arrangements are perfected for calling a general strike of 6,000 textile workers in the district. Threats against the mill property are being freely made and the owners are becoming uneasy.

A special meeting of the district council was held Saturday night, but the proceedings became public Sunday. The committee decided that the manufacturers had broken their agreement with the operatives, and the time had come to return to the old schedule of wages, the reduction of which the operatives accepted under protest in 1893.

The council also agreed to call a general strike as soon as they can decide upon the nature of the demand to be made, a portion of the council favoring a return to the old schedule and the remainder a compromise proposition.

MRS. SURRATT'S CASE.

The Stain of Conspiracy Cannot be Removed.

Chicago, March 23.—Fire has just destroyed the last documentary evidence that, it is alleged, would have removed the stain of the charge of conspiracy to assassinate Abraham Lincoln from the name of Mary E. Surratt. This woman, who suffered death on the charge preferred against her, had for her counsel, Col. John W. Clampitt, of Highland Park, in whose possession was the evidence that he thinks would have restored her good name and shown that in the possion of the time an innocent person had been sacrificed. For 30 years Colonel Clampitt had been collecting data and evidence, and had it so complete he believed that none could doubt it. It was ready for publication, and then came the fire which destroyed his residence and all the evidence accumulated since that day. 30 years ago, when he strove to save the woman from the gallows. It was not until yesterday that Colonel Clampitt spoke of this particular loss, which he had suffered in the burning of his home. Colonel Clampitt said that although the task was heavy he would go to work and try to re-write the documents that had been destroyed

HERE'S ANOTHER CLAIMANT.

An Alleged Seven-Year Old Daughter of Senator Fair.

Oakland, Cal., March 25.—A new claimant to the estate of James G. Fair has appeared in the person of seven-year-old Thet Jacobs. According to the story of her foster mother, Mrs. Jacobs, the child was brought to her in 1887 in response to an advertisement for a baby to raise, by a man calling himself H. H. Rice, and who said he was acting for the father.

For eighteen months $30 was sent Mrs. Jacobs monthly by Rice for the child's maintenance. Then the remittance ceased and six months later a letter was received by Mrs. Jacobs stating that hereafter Senator Fair would help support the child, as he was the father. With the infant's wardrobe had come a photograph of the alleged father, whom Mrs. Jacobs recognized as Fair when she met him subsequently. During the next few years the woman says she saw the ex-Senator periodically, sometimes receiving money from him directly and at other times by letter. Mr. Fair, according to the statement, had thought much of the child and commented on her growth. The woman claims to have documentary proof of all her assertions.

HOW DID FAIR DIE?

He Was Engaged to Miss Phoebe Couzins.

San Francisco, March 25.—The Call says the latest sensational development in the noted Fair will case is that insinuations are abroad that the deceased millionaire died by poison administered by parties interested in his death taking place at a certain time.

Miss Phoebe Couzins, who claims to have been the affianced wife of Senator Fair, broadly hints at her suspicions that Senator Fair had been given poison at more than one time. The suspicions of Miss Couzins are backed up by a San Francisan who is in a position to know a great deal that occurred to Senator Fair just before his death. This man is keeping in the background for certain reasons, but when he tells his story the opinions as to whether the suspicion of Miss Couzins are correct or not.

AN EARTHQUAKE SHOCK

Felt by People in Yampa Valley, Colorado.

Denver, Colo., March 25.—A letter from the Steamboat Springs, which is far from railroad or telegraph lines, dated March 22, says::

"To-day at about 1 o'clock a distinct earthquake shock was felt in Yampa Valley and from Pleasant Valley, about twelve miles south of Steamboat Spring, to Hayden, about fifteen miles west of the town. The shock was accompanied by a report resembling the discharge of a blast in a mine, accompanied by a low rumbling sound, which is described by some like the breaking of ice in a river or lake. The sound was accompanied by a distinct vibration of the earth from east to west, and violent enough to cause windows to jar and dishes and spoons to dance."

BIG SILVER STRIKE

On the Evans Claim on the Quawpauw, O. T.

Guthrie, O. T., March 25.—News comes from Lincoln county of an immense silver strike on the Evans claim on the Quawpauw. A four-foot vein of silver bearing 300 ounces to the ton was struck in a drill well at 100 feet. The ore was assayed at the Stillwater college and was found to be of the richest of silver bearing quartz. Great excitement prevails over the find.

The Dread Plague in China.

London, March 26.—A special dispatch from Hong Kong says that the plague has broken out at Kowloon in virulent form.

GIGANTIC SWINDLING SCHEME

Which Was Practiced by Henry L. Haupt at Butte.

Butte, Mont., March 26.—Henry L. Haupt, president of the Montana Mining, Loan and Investment company is on trial in the United States court here on the charge of sending unmailable matter through the postoffice. The testimony introduced has developed a gigantic swindling scheme, in which many prominent men were innocently implicated. The company claims to have a paid up capital stock of $12,000,000, and its stock is valued at $120 a share. It was organized in January, 1892, and has been doing a tremendous business since. Upon the representation, so the government witnesses said, that he intended to organize a legitimate mining company, Haupt induced John E. Rickards, present governor of the state; ex-County Treasurer H. C. Kessler, P. A. Largey, H. G. Valitoo, M. L. Holland and C. J. Stephenson, all prominent and wealthy mining men, to join the incorporation. With the names of these incorporators he then went to all the banks, and secured permission to use their names as reference.

A dozen worthless mining claims were located by him and deeded to the company in consideration of $100 in cash and the entire capital stock. He then sent out circulars all over the world, advertised the property as highly developed and valuable, and sold the stock on the monthly instalment plan, issuing certificates at $1 each.

One hundred thousand certificates were issued each month, and the purchaser of a certificate was entitled to apply for a loan in any sum under $10,000. The trustees of the company pretended to meet every month and apportion $50,000 among the borrowers. The person securing a loan was required to give a note for the amount, payable in 1912, without interest or security. When the purchaser had 120 certificates he was entitled to a share of stock. The remaining $50,000 from the monthly sale of certificates was supposed to go into office expenses and the development of the company's mines.

The testimony at the trial showed that Haupt was the sole manager of the concern and reaped all the profits. He apportioned the loans in cities where he thought he should have larger returns and induce others to purchase certificates. When the incorporators and the banks learned of the swindling nature of the company they drew out of it, and the trustees withdrew the stock from the market, but this did not disconcert Haupt, for he selected new trustees and continued his operations. The entire property of the company is not worth over $2,000, and its mines, which are located near Butte, are worthless. Haupt, it is alleged, has offices in London, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other cities.

NEW PENSION LAW.

Gen. Rice's Circular Regarding the Act of March 2.

Columbus, March 26.—A circular has been prepared by General Rice giving full information to old veterans affected by the law recently passed by Congress providing for an increase to $6 per month to all pensioners receiving less. The circular is as follows:

"United States Pension Agency,
Columbus, O.

"To Whom It May Concern:

"By act of Congress approved March 2, 1895, it is provided that from and after the passage of this act, all pensioners now on the rolls who are pensioned at less than $6 per month for any degree of pensionable disability shall have their pensions increased to $6 per month. Pursuant to this act and by direction of the honorable commissioner of pensions the rate of each pensioner on the rolls of this agency, favorably affected by said act, has been increased to $6 per month, at which rate payment will be made hereafter unless otherwise ordered by the pension bureau.

"I enclose herewith a new voucher to take the place of the one sent with the check for March payment to be executed on or after June 4, 1895, for amount due you from March 2, 1895, to June 4, 1895, under provision of said act. I have to request that you return the voucher already in your possession for cancellation. This circular you will please attach securely to your pension certificate, to be exhibited to the officer before whom your voucher shall hereafter be executed, in explanation of the difference in the rate expressed in future vouchers, and that contained in your certificate. Very respectfully,

A. V. RICE,
"United States Pension Agent."

HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

Sugar Cane Experiments on San Joaquin Island.

Stockton, Cal., March 26.—The experiments of growing sugar cane on the island of San Joaquin county, have been so successful that the government is now preparing to engage in the culture on a larger scale. Two experts who were recently sent here by the Spreckels people to inquire into the government's experiments in growing cane, were surprised by the developments that they procured two tons of first-class cane from the Hawaiian Islands and other sections, to make thorough tests of the land here also. The cane was received a few days ago, and is now being set out for thorough cultivation. The experts representing the Spreckels company, expect to see the sugar cane here to a height of 35 feet, and to contain more saccharine matter than any cane raised in this country.

ALMY MINE DISASTER

To be Investigated by the Coroner's Jury.

Evanston, Wyo., March 26.—The coroner's jury will sit this morning to inquire the cause of the Almy mine disaster. Many witnesses have been subpoenaed to appear by the jury and give testimony and many anxious people are waiting for the verdict. It will require several days to examine the witnesses and review the testimony.

Superintendent Bradbury and State Inspector Thomas have made an inspection of the exploded mine, but failed to find the originating point of the explosion.

Contributions are coming in and destitute families are being made as comfortable as possible.

WOULD NOT BUDGE.

The Launch of the St. Paul Was a Complete Failure.

Philadelphia, March 25.—The launch of the St. Paul has been indefinitely postponed. This is the first failure to successfully launch a ship since that of the Pennsylvania in 1873.

While thousands of eyes were riveted upon the big St. Paul, and waiting with bated breath to see her take her maiden dip, it was seen by the superintendent that the ways had settled down, and that the big boat would not budge an inch.

EX-PULLMAN WORKMEN

Get Enough Capital to Start Them in Business in Hiawatha.

Hiawatha, Kas., March 26.—The 32 ex-Pullman workmen brought here last fall have succeeded in interesting enough capital to start them in the manufacturing business. A building and two acres of ground have been bought for them, and they hope to be at work for themselves inside of a week.

Found a Valuable Stamp.

New York, March 25.—A report to the Press from Brookwood, Ala., says: In a trunk in the family garret Miss Grace Myatt, of this place, has just made a discovery which will excite the envy of all the stamp collectors of the country. It is a Uniontown, Ala., stamp issued in war time, and quoted, such is its rarity, at $1,000. A number of other valuable stamps were discovered in the same trunk, among them being a Columbus, Ga., issue which may turn out to be as big a find as the Uniontown one.

Asks for a Divorce.

St. Louis, March 23.—In the Circuit court yesterday, a petition for divorce from her husband, Chris von der Ahe, the base ball magnate and president of the St. Louis Browns, was granted to Mrs. von der Ahe. She charged him with violation of his marriage vow.

FOREIGN.

LI HUNG CHANG WOUNDED.

Attempt to Assassinate the Chinese Peace Envoy.

Gimonseki, March 25.—As Li Hung Chang, the Chinese peace envoy, was returning to his lodgings in this place Sunday, after having attended a conference with Count Ito and Viscount Matsu, the Japanese peace plenipotentiares, a young Japanese fired a pistol at him.

The bullet sped straight, but most fortunately did no more harm than to inflict a wound in Li Hung Chang's face. At the time of sending this dispatch it is impossible to learn whether or not the wound is serious.

The attempt to assassinate the representative of the emperor of China caused the most intense excitement, and on every side there were expressions of deep regret. The would-be murderer was arrested. It is believed that he was prompted to the crime by misguided patriotism.

KOYAMA ROKUNOSUKI

Is the Name of the Man Who Shot Li Hung Chang.

Yokohama, March 25.—The name of the young man who attempted the life of Li Hung Chang is Koyama Rokunosuki. His antecedents are unknown.

Li Hung Chang was shot in the cheek. It is believed that the wound is not serious. Prime Minister Ito has telegraphed to Hiroshima asking that Dr. Sato, the imperial physician, be sent to Shimonoski to attend the Chinese commissioner.

The ministers of state and a number of other officials have visited Li Hung Chang and expressed their deep sorrow at the occurrence. Every precaution has been taken by the police and military to prevent any trouble. The government profoundly regrets the affair.

Imperial Regrets Expressed.

Yokohama, March 25.—The news of the attempted assassination of Li Hung Chang created much excitement here. The emperor and empress will send a messenger to Shimonski to express to the distinguished Chinese statesman their regrets at the most unfortunate occurrence.

CREATED A SENSATION.

News of the Assault on Li Hung Chang.

Washington, March 25.—The news of the assault on Li Hung Chang caused a sensation in diplomatic circles in this city. Cases where an envoy of any kind has been assaulted in the country to which he is accredited is rare, and those in which a peace commissioner is attacked are almost unheard of in modern days. The opinion here is that Japan will suffer greatly in consequence of the assault, and the position of China may be so strengthened that she may be able to secure better terms of peace than she otherwise could have hoped for.

The incident may lead to the breaking off of peace negotiations which were proceeding so satisfactorily, or at least may postpone further action in this direction until Japan has guaranteed the safety of China's envoy, and made proper reparation.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

Startling News of Insurgent Victories.

New York, March 21.—A special from Nassau says: Additional news continues to be received from Cuba of insurgent victories in the East. The latest and most startling yet received is to the effect that Guillermon Moncada, the leader of a band near Guantanamo, is one of the few men who want to turn the revolution into a race war. It is also reported that Guillermon Mancada surprised a large detachment of Spanish troops near Cuantanamo recently, and completely routed them. In this battle it is said 200 Spaniards were killed and wounded.

This was followed by cruel and inhuman treatment of the Spaniards by Moncada's forces. This is probably the same battle reported by the Spaniards as a victory for their troops led by Col. Santoclides. At that time it was reported that 50 of the insurgents were killed.

There was but one white man in Moncada's detachment. After the battle he ordered this man to leave the camp, saying the whites had failed to free Cuba in the last war, and that now independence would be secured by the negroes.

Moncada's idea seems to be to make another San Domingo of Cuba. His attitude is deplored by the sympathizers of the revolutionary movement.

It is reported that some attempt will soon be made by the leaders to form a provisional government. Nothing has yet been heard of Jose Marti.

Notwithstanding the talk of the Spaniards of the good faith of Maceo, he is now in the interior with the insurgents. Nothing has been heard of the proposed expeditions from Porto Rico and other points. The assertion that the Alliance displayed the English flag when fired on is regarded as a mere subterfuge.

Formed a Provisional Government.

New York, March 21.—A special from Barranco, Peru, says that through the intervention of diplomats, a provisional government for Peru has been formed.

SPAIN HAS NOT YET REPLIED

Concerning the Firing on the Alliance by Her Cruiser.

Madrid, March 21.—The under secretary of the foreign office, Senor Villaurrutia, in an interview to-day said that no reply had been given to the United States minister, Mr. Ethnis Taylor, regarding the question of the firing upon the American steamship Alliance, pending the receipt of the official news from Cuba, from the governor general of that island, Calleja and from the commander of the Spanish warship concerned. Senor Villaurrula added that he considered the language of the American press on the subject to be exaggerated and thought that the commander of the Spanish warship was incapable of acting rashly. In the opinion of the under secretary the Alliance was undoubtedly challenged in Cuban waters and ought to have paid heed to the signals of the warship instead of running away in a suspicious manner.

AN INTERNATIONAL OUTRAGE.

An Ex-American Consul Must Serve in Prison.

Port Louis, Island of Mauritius, March 23.—Mr. John L. Waller, formerly U. S. consul at Tamatave, island of Madagascar, has been tried before a courtmartial, by the French military authorities, has been found guilty of having been in correspondence with the Hovas, and has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

The Scientific American and the Electrical Review, in commenting upon the rubber district, said the discovery constituted an almost commercial revolution. From this it will be seen that there is no doubt that Mr. Waller's concession is a valuable one, and in view of the opposition he has met with on the part of the French, it is not astonishing that he is now in trouble. Advices from Antananarivo, under date of May 13, 1894, announced that the French residents there had entered a formal protest against the concession, declaring that France would refuse to recognize any concessions made to foreigners without her permission.

Early in June last, the New York World published a letter from Antananarivo, dated April 21, in which Mr. E. Onderwood Harvey, editor of the Madagascar News, asked the World to convey to the American people a message, saying: "It is time for the great American government to put its foot down and say that American enterprise in this country shall no longer be trampled upon by French bullying."

This was a result of the action of representatives of France in Madagascar in denying the Malagascas government's right to make the land grant to American citizens without first obtaining the sanction of the French resident general.

"France is endeavoring to persuade President Cleveland," Mr. Harvey declared, "to allow her representatives to be the medium of all communication between the American consul in this city and the Malagasy government. This course the Malagasy government refuses to consent to. Without touching on how American interests in this country would be affected by France waging war on Madagascar for the purpose of insisting on Malagasy recognition of the French representatives in Madagascar being practically the representatives also of America, the harm that would result to American interests, even in time of peace, from such a transfer of representation, is apparent by the attitude the representatives of France are taking towards such land grants.

The harm of the placing of American representation in this country in the hands of France would be to American commercial interests is especially shown by the French, also basing their objection to a land grant to an American citizen on article six of the Franco-Malagasy treaty. They say that article provides that "French citizens may reside, travel and carry on trade freely throughout the whole extent of the states of the queen," no large grant of land may be made. This preposterous proposition is not only unmistakably evidence that under French consular representation Americans could never obtain large commercial and agricultural privileges in Madagascar, but it also clearly shows the French claim for previous sanction of the French resident general is a mere pretext to invalidate this concession, with the intent that no more shall be granted. Above all, it plainly demonstrates the likelihood of the French government having similarly distorted the articles in the treaty on which are constituted the claim that the French residents are the medium of all communication, whether in matters of international administration of the country or not, be the consular representatives of foreigners in Madagascar and the Malagasy government."

BISMARCK HONORED

By the Emperor and the Army of the Fatherland.

Friedrichsruhe, March 26.—Emperor William, who left Berlin for this place at 8:20 this morning, accompanied by the crown prince, left the special train near the village of Aumuehle, where he mounted a horse, and, attended by a brilliantly uniformed staff, rode quickly to the spot selected for the assembling of the troops who had been detailed to do honor to

WASHINGTON.

THE DEBS CASE.

It Came Before the Supreme Court on Monday.

Washington, March 26.—The hearing on the application of Eugene V. Debs and others for a writ of habeas corpus for their release from contempt was resume promptly on the opening of the Supreme court of the United States at noon to-day. Attorney General Olney made the first arbument, speaking in behalf of the government in opposition to the application.

Mr. Olney said the single question before the Supreme court was whether the court below had jurisdiction of the case made by the original bill, and proceeded to show that as he viewed the matter it had. He devoted but very little time to the discussion of the government's technical relation to the mails and the mail bags or to the provisions of the act of 1890, which he characterized as "An experimental piece of legislation," and passed immediately to the consideration of the strike as a violation of interstate commerce regulations. The interstate commerce, which is subject to the regulation of Congress, comprehends, he said, a great variety of different subjects matter. It is held as respects some of them that in the absence of positive legislation thereon by Congress there may be action by the state.

But it has always and universally been conceded that the moment Congress does act upon any matter which is part of the interstate commerce, from that moment the jurisdiction of the United States become absolute and excludes all other authority. Interstate commerce and transportation between the states and all the instrumentalities of either are admittedly parts of interstate commerce. Transportation of passengers and freight by railroad is, of course, included. Not only is that so, but it is also true that interstate railroad transportation has been taken in especial charge by Congress. Having power to control it, Congress has not permitted the power to lie dormant, but has freely and decisively exercised it. He then enumerated many of the federal laws bearing on the question of interstate traffic, including those applying to the mail service, those relating to the carrying of livestock and those requiring the use of certain kinds of brakes, etc.

"But in this connection and for the present purposes," he continued, "it is more important to note the provisions of several general statutes which cover the whole field of interstate railroad transportation and show most conclusively the purpose of Congress to exclude every other source and form of regulation except its own. Section 5258 of the revised statutes declares as follows: 'Every railroad company in the United States whose road is operated by steam, its successors and assigns, is hereby authorized to carry upon and over its road, boats, bridges and ferries any property on their way from any state to another state and to receive compensation theretor and to connect with roads of other states so as to form continuous lines for the transportation of the same to the place of destination.'

"Having by this legislation made steam railroads interstate commerce carriers for both governmental and private purposes Congress by the act of 1887, known as the interstate commerce act, inaugurated measures more radical and comprehensive than anything ever before attempted by virtue of a power to regulate commerce. By that act the principles in accordance with which interstate railroad transportation shall be conducted are laid down and defined, their violation is inhibited under severe penalties, and, to crown the whole, all the interstate commerce railroads of the country are practically put in charge of a commission which is to see to it that their duties as interstate carriers as prescribed by Congress are faithfully discharged. Finally, recognizing the existence of an evil of great magnitude, Congress by an act of October 1, 1888, made provision for the creation of boards of arbitration to settle controversies between railroad companies and their employes when such controversies are having the effect of hindering and interrupting the interstate transportation.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "In July, 1894, interstate railroad transportation was being interfered with in the state of Illinois and the city of Chicago. It was an interference for which, with all its consequences and incidents, the present petitioners are to the fullest extent responsible, unless it be true that men can wantonly touch the match to powder and yet be blameless because not rightly realizing the ensuing devastation; unless it be true that those who seek to execute a plot by the only means possible, in the open, and taking the legal consequences upon their heads, are to be branded as criminals, while those who sit in an office and hatch the plot and urge on its consummation, are to go unwhipped of justice because of loud-mouthed professions of virtue in general and respect for law and order in particular."

The attorney general added that it was the duty of the state authorities to deal with certain phases of the offenses committed, and said:

"If they had done so promptly and vigorously, the interruption of interstate railroad transportation might possibly have ceased, but instead of their doing this, they allowed day after day to pass, marked either by total inactivity or by efforts so ill-directed and inadequate as to aggravate all the evils of the situation.

"Hence it became necessary for the government to step in, not only in defense of individuals, but in evidence to its obligations to protect interstate commerce, and because it is the duty of every government to exercise its functions whenever occasion requires."

Mr. Olney then passed on to the consideration of the means at the command of the government for the suppression of the strike, the principal of which was the courts, which must be depended upon so far as practicable to deal with it.

Mr. Olney then proceeded to consider the assertion that the Chicago affair was exceptional, and to controvert the allegation of errors in the court below and in closing, said:

"What was done by the government and its court at Chicago in the summer of 1894, was done in a conspicuous theater and dealt with events striking in themselves and on the scale on which they were conducted, and which strongly appeals to the imagination as well as the passions of men. Its action was denounced from the outset as novel and unprecedented, so that it ever become expedient to publicly protect the trite and familiar principle that for the execution of national functions every foot of every state is national soil and national property. Since then the same policy has been persistently pursued, and the government bill in equity, the injunction and the proceedings for contempt have all been loudly condemned as anamalous, extraordinary and revolutionary. To such charges there could be no more decisive answer than is furnished by this debate and by the contentions of the respective parties."

Mr. Olney closed at 1 o'clock and was promptly followed by Mr. Darrow in the interest of the petitioners.

There was no interruption of the attorney general during the progress of his argument by any member of the court, and he received the closest attention.

Mr. Darrow asserted that the attorney general had overlooked the interests of this latter class in his argument, as he had also overlooked the fact of the danger to civil liberty embraced in the case. He replied with some warmth to Mr. Olney's criticism of the failure of the state courts to take proper cognizance of the acts of violence accompanying the strike, declaring that the state had ever been anxious to preserve peace and capable of doing so. If the contrary had been true, the United States troops could be called in, but there was no excuse under the law for appealing to the federal courts.

LOCHREN'S ESTIMATES

Of the Amount to be Appropriated for Pensions.

Washington, March 20.—Commissioner of Pensions Lochren estimates that there will not be any decreased amount appropriated for pensions during the next three years. The amount appropriated for the fiscal year of 1896 in round numbers is $140,000,000 for the present year the amount was $150,000,000. The reason for the absence of any perceptible decrease is that the falling off owing to deaths and other causes is about counterbalanced by first payments of pensions allowed. As cases are allowed from time to time there are large first payments, sometimes for arrears and always dated from the time the application was filed. The decrease in some classes of claims is quite great, as in the pensions for the war of 1812, which have decreased about 50 per cent in the past year. After three years, when it is expected the majority of claims will be adjudicated and there will be few remaining first payments, Commissioner Lochren expects there will then be a rapid falling off in pensions, as they have now reached the age when it is to be expected. He then expects the pension appropriation will be diminished in volume very materially.

TWO CUCKOOS FIXED.

Springer and Kilgore Appointed Federal Judges.

Washington, March 21.—The following appointments were announced at the White House to-day:

Wm. M. Springer, of Illinois, judge of the United States Court of the Northern district of Indian territory.

Constantine Buckley Kilgore, of Texas, judge of the United States Court of the Southern district of the Indian territory.

To be marshals of the United States: Sampel Southerford, of the Indian territory, for the Northern district of the Indian territory; Lucient L. Stowe, of the Indian territory, for the Southern district of Indian territory.

The two Indian territory judgeships are newly created offices, and established by an act of the last Congress framed for the purpose of checking in a measure the great spread and growth of lawlessness and crime in the Indian territory which had become a refuge of robbers and outlaws. The new judges are well known ex-congressmen, Mr. Springer having served in the House of Representatives for many years and having taken a prominent part in debates as one of the Democratic leaders. He was chairman of the banking and currency committee in the last Congress and of the ways and means committee in the preceding Congress. He has always kept up his legal reading, and has been counsel before the United States Supreme Court in many cases during his congressional career.

Judge Kilgore had served in the last four congresses and had attracted a great deal of attention by reason of his vigorous personality and frequent objections to various bills. He is a Georgian by birth and 60 years of age. He served in the late war, and his courage is believed will make him useful in dealing with the lawless element who must be tried in the Indian territory courts.

A NEW TREATY

Between the United States and Great Britain.

Washington, March 23.—Preliminaries are being arranged for the framing of a new treaty between the United States and Great Britain concerning Bering Sea seizures. The negotiations will be carried on in Washington. Sir Charles Tupper, minister of marine and fisheries for Canada, and other leading statesmen of the Dominion, including, probably Minister Foster, will come here to co-operate with Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, concerning the terms of the treaty. On account of the prolonged siege of illness through which Secretary Gresham has passed, which may make it desirable for him to take a rest, the meeting will probably be deferred until later in the summer or fall. The gathering of prominent Canadian ministers will be an interesting occasion, although it is recalled with regret that Sir John Thompson, premier of Canada, who recently died in London, will not again be among those who have long been identified with that subject.

The projected treaty is rendered necessary by the inaction of Congress on the Bering sea seizure claims. The original claims which, with interest, amounted to $750,000, were scaled down to $425,000. President Cleveland advised payment in his message to Congress, but an amendment to carry out the President's recommendation was defeated.

It was then sought to provide for an international commission to adjust the terms of settlement, but this, too, failed, leaving the matter still open.

The purpose of the treaty will be, therefore, to create a commission to hear all the evidence and determine the amount of the indemnity to be paid the seized sealers. After being signed, the treaty will have to be submitted to the Senate for ratifieation, and unless there is an extra session this cannot be accomplished before next December.

PARIS GREEN

Will Prevent the "Codling Moth" in Apple Orchards.

Washington, March 21.—In the course of an interview to-day on the subject of the paris green treatment for "coddling moth," Secretary Morton said: "The demand for apples grown in the United States has always been in excess of the supply. The United Kingdom of Great Britain alone during the nine months ending September, 1894, paid the orchards of the United States $2,500,000. The greatest enemy to our export apple is the "codling moth." But the entire crop can bemade wormless if the orchards of the United States will use the following recipe:

"Use paris green at the rate of one pound to 150 gallons of water. Weign out sufficient poison for the capacity of the tank used, and make it into a thin paint with a small quantity of water and add powdered or quick lime equal to the weight of the poison used, mixing thoroughly. The lime takes up the free arsenic and removes the danger of scalding. Strain the mixture into the spray tank, taking care to pulverize and wash all the poison through the strainer. During the operation of spraying see that the liquid is agitated with sufficient frequency to prevent the settling of the poison.

"Let the first spraying follow within a week after the falling of the blossoms of either apple or pear, and follow this with a second treatment just before the fruit turns down on the stem or when it is from a quarter to half inch in diameter. The first spraying reaches the eggs laid by the moth in the flower end of the fruit shortly after the falling of the blossoms, and the second the latter eggs laid by belated moths. Do not spray trees when in bloom and if a washing rain immediately follows treatment repeat the application."

WON'T PAY INCOME TAX.

Federal Judges Exempted by the Constitution.

Washington, March 22.—A question of some interest is likely to arise in connection with the collection of income tax from judges of United States courts. Some days ago Judge Hughes, of the eastern judicial district of Virginia, came to Washington, and in discussing the income tax with friends said that he had already made his return, but was exceedingly sorry that he had stated simply that he had no income other than his salary as a United States judge, which, under the constitution, was exempt from the tax. The sections of the constitution to which Judge Hughes referred provide that the president of the United States and the judges of United States courts shall receive for their services a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

The Supreme Court has held in several cases that the imposition of a tax upon the office of the president of the United States and the judges of the Supreme Court and inferior courts of the United States is a diminution of the salary within the meaning of the constitution, if the act levying the tax was enacted during the official term of the president or of the judges affected thereby. If these decisions remain undisturbed, all United Stats judges, of which there are about 100, will be exempt from paying the income tax.

IT INCREASES IMPORTS,

And This Reduces the Output of American Mills and Farms.

Washington, March 26.—If anybody had any doubt about the ability of the new tariff to increase importations, that doubt would be dispelled by a report just issued by the state department, in which it reports upon the "declared exports" of various countries for the United States for the quarter ending December 31, 1894, and compares them with the corresponding quarter of the previous year. The quarter includes the second, third and fourth months of the new tariff operations, and as it does not include the first month of the operations of that law, cannot be charged as representing a merely momentary rush, the result of the passage of the act. Whatever that momentary or spasmodic rush might have been must naturally have pretty well disappeared between the passage of the law, August 17, and the beginning of the quarter, October 1. So a comparison of the declared exports of the countries in question during the months of October, November and December, with those of the corresponding months of the preceding year, will show clearly how the new tariff has stimulated exports to this country.

The following table includes a portion only of the numerous statements of the state department, exhibit, indicating increased exportations to the United States. The first column shows the figures of October, November and December, 1893, the second column shows those of the same months for 1894.

Note the Comparisons.

Exports declared for United States:	Quarter end'g Dec. 31, 1893.	Quarter end'g Dec. 31, 1894.
Algeria	$ 4,455	$ 62,568
Brussels	716,249	972,238
Reichenberg	182,947	285,700
Trieste	142,479	279,155
Vienna	368,055	658,737
Ghent	263,420	359,421
Liege	259,043	372,590
Copenhagen	43,164	105,331
Dutch West indies	14,675	40,656
Bordeaux	877,014	1,428,351
Cognac	136,540	229,295
Grenoble	170,605	415,702
Limoges	189,509	288,588
Lyons	1,642,641	2,313,279
Marseilles	402,117	875,408
Nice	111,437	231,922
Paris	4,054,705	6,288,326
Rheims	1,128,213	1,794,314
Roubaix	735,762	997,372
St. Etienne	168,826	255,988
Bamberg	68,405	134,339
Barmen	842,789	1,655,858
Cologne	359,341	606,923
Crefield	421,027	878,263
Frankfort	657,206	1,030,478
Freiburg	253,551	455,554
Mannheim	689,607	959,276
Stuttgart	183,373	308,208
Frankfort and consulates	5,220,985	8,774,070
Milan	627,750	1,240,190
Naples	256,650	350,955
Palermo	415,302	751,280
Turin	81,494	124,330
Venice	42,312	116,411
Italy (total)	3,548,922	5,335,260
Nuevo Laredo and consulates	3,760,658	6,197,343
Amsterdam	2,086,734	4,005,579
Russia (total)	931,147	1,373,644
Switzerland (total)	3,378,033	4,431,014
Netherlands (total	2,086,784	4,005,579
France (total)	10,836,945	16,310,263

Canadian Shipments.

It is in Canada, however, that the beauties of the new tariff, for the foreign producer, becomes especially apparent. In nearly every province of the great country across the border of us there has been an increase in shipments into the United States, and very much of it of a nature which come directly into competition with the farmers. Among the declared exports of the various Canadian provinces for the United States are found potatoes, turnips, fowls, sheep, lambs, horses, geese, fish, oats, oat bran, berries, bark, beans, hay, wool, fruit, dried fish, pickled fish, canned fruits, eggs, rye, wheat, buckwheat, peas, straw, poultry, seeds, apples evaporated, apples green, beans, split peas, tobacco, tow, flax, barley, animals of various classes, and other articles of this class. Of nearly fifty provinces reported there are out but very few which do not show large increases in their importations into the United States, and much of them in the class of articles produced by farmers.

REPORT AT WASHINGTON

That the Spanish Minister Had Cabled His Resignation.

Washington, March 22.—A statement was in circulation here last night that Senor Murugua, the Spanish minister, cabled his resignation to his home government on account of complications arising from the Allancia affair, and that a reply has been received from Spain instructing him to retain his official position at Washington as the representative of the Spanish government. It has been impossible to secure either a confirmation or denial of this statement.

De Lome Will Succeed Murugua.

Madrid, March 26.—Senor Dupuy De Lome has been appointed Spanish minister to the United States, in succession to Senor Murugua.

THURSTON WILL GO

Without Waiting to be Recalled by His Government.

Washington, March 26.—Minister Thurston, of Hawaii, is about to depart for Honolulu. He leaves Washington to-morrow or next day and will sail from San Francisco on April 7 on the steamer Arrowa. Mr. Thurston broke silence to-day for the first time since the recent reports of Secretary Gresham's demands for his recall, and gave out the following authorized statement:

"I have received no information from my government or from Mr. Gresham that my recall has been requested, and up to the present time there has been no change in my official relations with the state department. Whether my recall has been requested or not I do not know. In any event I shall not remain in Washington. There is nothing of especial importance to keep me here at present, while there are several matters requiring my attention at home. I shall, therefore, return to Honolulu immediately, leaving San Francisco April 4."

The foregoing comprises everything Mr. Thurston will say on the subject, and he declines to discuss any of the details of his departure, or the significance of it, pending the request for his recall. Frank P. Hastings, at present secretary of legation, will become charge d'affaires for Hawaii. It is understood that Mrs. Thurston, wife of the minister, will not take the trip with her husband, but will visit relatives in Michigan.

Mr. Thurston's departure puts an end to previous comment as to his purpose to remain in Washington. His statement does not make clear, however, whether his absence is temporary or permanent, and the minister will not go into details. It is regarded as final, however, in showing that he will not seek to remain in Washington as a source of any irritation. There have been reports, believed, however, to be baseless, that if he persisted in remaining in a private capacity, the law would be evoked to have him deported, but Mr. Thurston's statement is regarded as setting that there will be no occasion for forcing him out of the country.

In some quarters Mr. Thurston's move is regarded as a shrewd diplomatic stroke. It is recalled that he left unexpectedly about fifteen months ago, when the question of restoring the queen to the throne was at a critical stage in Hawaii. The Hawaiian government was on the point of reaching a decision, but had not yet done so. At this juncture Mr. Thurston left Washington suddenly, his departure not being known until he was well on his way to San Francisco. He had full information as to the sentiment in the United States, and when he reached Hawaii his advice had much to do in the final action of the government. It is being suggested, therefore, that his departure at the present juncture, before it is known what action the Hawaiian government has taken on Secretary Gresham's demand, may result in his being in Honolulu when final action is taken. No information has yet come from Hawaii as to the course of the government. The first ship to arrive is the Australia, expected at San Francisco to-morrow.

THERE IS A SERIOUS QUESTION

Between Great Britain and Uncle Sam in Alaska.

Washington, March 22.—United States territorial rights in Alaska as against the British claims there, have again been brought to the attention of the State department. It is true that under the reports of the American boundary commission and the Anglo-Canadian boundary commission of last year, England lays claim to large and valuable portions of Alaska both in the interior and on the seaboard, which had previously been regarded as American territory. It is also true that both of the commissions of survey came to very nearly the same conclusion regarding the questions which they had been appointed to settle. There were, however, divergencies between them regarding certain matters which can not be overlooked.

The fundamental fact to be kept in mind regarding Alaska and the joint British and American survey of it, is that the boundaries will not be finally settled until they have been made the subject of diplomatic negotiations between the governments at London and at Washington, under the terms of the treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain by which treaty our own right must be determined. Since the completion of the survey, it is the negotiating authorities of the two powers in interest that must attempt to determine the validity of their respective claims, in so far as they may conflict, and the English desire that the line shall be drawn so as to cross some of the broad inlets in the southwest through which they can obtain direct access to their own domains from the sea, and near which they can establish fortifications that may yet be serviceable to them.

ANOTHER DESIGNATION OF RANK

To be Taken by the Officers of the nUited States Army.

Washington, March 20.—The probabilities are that in the near future the officers of the United States army will take on another designation of rank in the shape of metallic eagles to be worn on the front of their hats. The question is under advisement among the head officials of the War department, and it is said the project is very favorably received by many of them. Some of the army officers are urging it on the ground that in European countries the officers wer on their hats the colors of their sovereigns. They hold that it is a plain and unmistakable evidence of nationality, as well as of rank and military service, and that as the eagle is the national American emblem, it can be adopted to the benefit of the service.

IT'S ACCURACY QUESTIONED.

That Report of Pleuro-Pneumonia in Two Kansas Courts.

Washington, March 26.—Inquiries have already reached the department of agriculture concerning the accuracy of the report that pleuro-pneumonia exists in Geary and Wauban counties, Kansas. This conclusion was reached by Prof. W. S. Mayo, veterinarian at the state agricultural college, and after a thorough examination, including several post mortem examinations. The department has instructed the traveling inspector, W. S. Devoe, to investigate and report. Officials here think Dr. Mayo is wrong in his diagnosis, as they believe there is no pleuro-pneumonia in this country at this time.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Boston Business Man is Accused of Stealing.

New York, March 26.—George D. Burton, an electrician of the New England House, Boston, was brought here to-day under arrest. Burton called on the banking firm of Brouwer & McGowan, of 2 Wall street, last December. He represented himself as the senior member of the George D. Burton Heating and Forging Company, of Boston, and wanted to borrow $15,000 to put into his business. He was willing to pay $1,500 for the use of the money. The brokerage firm agreed to loan Burton the $15,000, and gave it to him in three notes of $5,000 each, which were to be held by Burton's concern to be used as collateral, but Burton, it is alleged, sold the notes. He paid the firm of Brouwer & McGowan the $1,500 for the use of $15,000 by a check of $500 on the Market National bank of Boston and $1,000 in a draft to his own order. Ten days after the money was advanced both the check and the draft were found to be worthless.

Brouwer said to-day: "Burton is a reputable man and quite prominent in Boston. He is president of the United States Electric Forging Company, of that city, and the senior member of the George D. Burton Heating and Forging Company. He is the inventor of the Burton stock car, which is used extensively by the railroads for the transfer of live stock."

SENATOR BUTLER IS BETTER.

He Was Assaulted by a State Officer at Nashville.

Nashville, Tenn., March 26.—Senator R. R. Butler, who was assaulted by State Superintendent of Public Construction Frank Smith, of the comptroller's office, at the state capital, with a heavy stick, and two or three severe wounds about the head were inflicted, was resting easy last night, and will be able to be out in a day or two.

No new developments as to the cause of attack have been made, and Senator Butler, is understood, says previous to this attack on him that there were no hard feelings existing between Smith and himself. Smith refuses to make a statement. Senator Butler is about 65 years' old, and Smith is something over 50. The affair has caused a great deal of talk and almost universal condemnation from all quarters.

TOM REED'S PLANS.

He Will Make No Speeches but Go to Europe.

Portland, Me., March 26.—Hon. Thos. B. Reed stated to an Associated Press reporter yesterday that he declined the invitation to speak before the convention of College Republican clubs at Grand Rapids, Mich., on April 6, and that he will make no speeches this spring unless an extra session of Congress calls him to Washington. He will remain in Portland until the summer, when he will sail for Europe with his family.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver in the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses of from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Was Not Captured in Woman's Clothing.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 26.—Gen. Henry Harnden, the officer of the Union army who captured Jefferson Davis, president of the confederacy, is in Chattanooga to-day with the Wisconsin commissioners to locate the positions of the troops of that state in the Chickamauga national military park.

"It is not true," said he, "that President Davis was in woman's attire when captured. It was a cold morning about daybreak when I arrested him, and he had a woman's shawl over his shoulders. The story about hoopskirts is totally false."

Then Gen. Harnden, who belonged to the First Wisconsin cavalry, told how he was given 150 picked horsemen and given orders to capture Davis. They rode three nights and three days without rest. The capture was made near Irwinville, in Irwin county, Georgia. Just before the capture a body of Michigan cavalry on a similar expedition, and Gen. Harnden's men collided. A fight ensued, and two or three men on either side were killed and a number wounded before it was found out they were friends instead of enemies.

"When I reached the Davis camp," continued Gen. Harnden, "the first man I spoke to was the Texas gentleman, now Senator Reagan, who told me that he was the postmaster general of the Confederate states. President Davis was sitting near by on a log, with a shawl, I presume his wife's, over his shoulder, as it was a cool morning."

"How did the story that he had on dresses and hoopskirts get out?" asked the reporter.

"When I went to Macon and reported to Gen. Wilson, my superior officer, he had the story telegraphed out as fast as I spoke, and the woman's shawl became exaggerated into female attire.

"In the excitement he may have misunderstood me, or the newspapers exaggerated it. I have tried for years to correct the story, but have been unable to do so, entirely. It is very hard for truth to overtake a lie.

"In Grand Army posts when I attempt to explain it I am sometimes hissed. If the writer of history gets it corrected for future generations, I shall feel better."

The following are the members of the Wisconsin commission who are in Chattanooga: Chairman, Captain W. W. Watkins, Capt. J. M. Woodworth, Capt. W. A. Collins, Capt. J. T. Rice, Gen. Harnden and E. M. Kanouse.

19 IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

Ex-Priest Slattery Had More Excitement in Memphis.

Memphis, Tenn., March 26.—Ex-Priest Slattery lectured at the Auditorium last night for the second time within a week. On the occasion of his first appearance no notice was taken of him by the leading Catholic people.

Last night, however, the meeting came near ending in a serious disturbance, and but for the ex-priest's hurried exit from the city while the excitement was at its height, he might have encountered rather severe treatment. On the night of the first lecture, precautions were taken by the police to preserve the peace. Officers in citizens clothes were freely distributed through the audience, and a good sized guard was placed about the doors. A big crowd filled the auditorium, and while it was evident that many were present who did not sympathize with Slattery's utterances, there was no sign of disorder until the close of the lecture, when a man in the center of the house arose and excitedly shouted: "You're a liar, you're a liar against religion."

Half the audience were on their feet in an instant, but before the disturber could say anything more, he was grabbed by an officer and ejected. After order was restored, Slattery concluded his remarks without further interruption. Slattery took the first train for the South. An excited crowd gathered at the hotel, thinking he had gone there, but after learning that the ex-priest had left the city, they quietly dispersed.

CONTEST HAS BEGUN

Between Chicago Commission Men and the Elevator Interests.

Chicago, March 26.—The contest between the brokers and commission men of the Board of Trade, and the elevator men and grain receivers was begun to-day before the state board of railroad warehouse commissioners. It is being forced by the Board of Trade or the warehouse commission of that body, which some time ago filed complaint against the elevator men, who not only receive grain, but buy and sell on the board.

The defendants in the case are: The Armour Elevator company, the Central Elevator company, the Chicago and Pacific Elevator company, Charles S. Counselman & Co., A. C. Davis & Co., the Illinois Trust and Savings bank, the Chicago railway, Terminal Elevator company, the George A. Stevens company, the National Elevator and Dock company, the South Chicago Elevator company, the Santa Fe Elevator company, Kuth & Co., and the Chicago Elevator company.

ANNA DICKINSON ON THE STAND.

In the Suit She Brings Against Her Enemies.

Scranton, Pa., March 26.—Anna Dickinson, the widely known writer and lecturer, was on the witness stand for three hours in the U. S. district court here yesterday. The case was that in which she brought suit to recover $125,000 damages from James Courtright, George B. Thompson, Allen Eggleton, John S. Hellman, George Underwood and H. L. Bryden, of Pittston, and Dr. James Oglesby, of Danville, on the charge that her commitment to the Danville insane asylum in 1891 was the result of a conspiracy.

She was kept there for five weeks. Her attorneys are Judge Daly, of New York, and W. S. McLean, of Wilkesbarre. Miss Dickinson wore a traveling cloak, which she refused to remove and told her story in a most dramatic way, at times rising to her feet excitedly and once springing from the witness box. She will be cross-examined to-day.

Negroes Want to Lynch Two White Brutes.

Wichita, Kan., March 26.—The chief of police was notified last night of the organization of a mob of 180 colored men in this city to storm the city prison and to kill the two white men in their cells who have been suspected of being the men who outraged Mrs. Dacey House, a colored woman, Saturday night.

The plan was to shoot the white men through the bars. The city building guard was immediately strengthened to resist any attack that may be made. The colored people are terribly excited over the affair. Trouble is feared before morning.

For the Trial of Claus A. Blixt.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 26.—The case against Claus Blixt for the murder of Catherine Ging was called in the District court to-day and reset for May 14, both sides consenting.

Have YOU Tried **Cuticura** the great SKIN CURE?

Its cures of torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humors are the most wonderful ever recorded.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: Newbery, 1, King Edward st., London. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

McKINLEY A GOLD BUG.

He Would Not be a Free Silver Candidate.

New York, March 25.—A special from St. Augustine, Fla., says: Governor McKinley and his party will be the personal guests of Henry M. Flagler, of New York, the Standard oil millionaire, upon their arrival to-day.

In Thomasville last night a letter was received by Governor McKinley from a hundred or more citizens of Georgia—Democrats and Republicans alike—pledging him the solid vote of Georgia in the national Republican convention, and assuring him of a fighting chance to get the electoral vote of that state, provided that he will declare himself an advocate of free silver.

The letter also intimated that the national Republican platform of 1896 might contain a silver plank.

When this letter was read aloud to him Governor McKinley was indignant. He esaid: "If the Republican party should declare for free silver I would decline to become its candidate, and I would quit the party forever."

Will Resume.

Providence, R. I., March 23.—The Whitestone cotton mill which has been shut down for nearly two years, will resume operations Monday.

Money, Crops, Trade.

INDICATIONS OF IMPROVEMENT IN GENERAL BUSINESS.

The Volume of Domestic Trade Gains a Little.

New York, March 23.—R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade says: Indications of improvement in business grows more distinct. The most obtrusive of them, the speculative advance in cotton and in stocks, is the least reliable, nor can either of these be said to reflect actual improvement in business conditions. Railroad earnings are scarcely better, and the speculation is largely based on expectation of more effective monopoly in coal and some other products London was buying largely, but likely to sell on any rise. Cotton does not rise because there is more demand for goods, but there is more demand for goods because cotton is dearer.

More valuable indications are that the volume of domestic trade gains a little, money is in much better legitimate demand, and the force of hands at work gradually increases in some industries and in others is restricted only by strikes, which are presumably temporary.

The rise in cotton to 6.31 cents still seems to have scarcely any contact with the facts of demand and supply, but had a very substantial basis, nevertheless, if, as some maintain, more cotton had been sold in this country for future delivery than could be produced there until another crop comes, American stocks were last Friday, 1,345,028 bales against 1,154,700 last year, with the general expectation that something over 700,000 bales will yet come forward, while foreign stocks of American are 600,000 bales greater than at date after the crop of 1891. Receipts continue large, and the movement has really no other basis than the belief that the next crop will be small.

The rise in wheat, which started with the report of wheat in farmers' hands, has been followed by reaction, so that prices are lower than they were prior to that report, having fallen 2 1-2c for the week. Western receipts, 1,988,214 bushels against 1,633,331 last year, and for three weeks were practically equal to last year's, while Atlantic exports are small. Corn has not followed, but after a rise to 51 5-8 cents, holds the price of a week ago, receipts being about a third of last year's, and export insignificant. Pork has declined 25c per barrel, and lard 10c per 100 pounds.

The advance in wages of cotton workers raises the cost of fuel for a large proportion of the iron manufacturers, but as yet does not affect prices of iron or its products, as no increase in demand appears. Possibly, it is hoped that larger buying will soon be prompted by the idea that pig and all products will be rendered more costly, though the large excess of production and producing capacity stands in the way.

The rise in cotton has stimulated buying of goods and given confidence to agents. Heavy transactions and some advance in price appear in Southern coarse goods, but not as yet in the finer.

While many orders are detained by labor difficulties there is also much complaint of cancellations, which appear to be justified in some cases by inferior quality, but in others not justified at all. Orders for fall are at present small and new business has been quiet. Sales of wool gradually decrease, and for the year are smaller than last year—4,174,900 pounds, against 4,338,800. For three weeks of March sales indicate about 70 per cent of a full consumption. Failures during the past week have been 278 in the United States, against 244 last year, and 35 in Canada against 50 last year.

Bradstreet on Finance.

New York, March 23.—Bradstreet's Financial Review says: It is some time since the speculative market has had so decidedly a bullish tone and tendency as was exhibited during the present week. The significance of the movement is not to be measured by the improvement which has taken place in quotations, but rather by the unmistakable signs which have been afforded of a broadening and more genuine speculation. While foreign buying of securities has not been large, the London market has shown considerable interest in "Americans," and seems at last to be recovering confidence in the stability of our finances, although the absorption of the speculative public in what is called the "Kaffir Circus," otherwise the trading in South African mining shares, is an obstacle to a healthy development of interest in American stocks. At the same time, the general public, so long absent from the market, appears to have supplied more or less purchasing power, and to have awakened the belief that we are on the eve of a movement, possibly a slow one, but which nevertheless will result in marked appreciation of prices. The change in the temper of speculation has, indeed, fallen little short of having a sensational character. A little over a week ago the market was still mainly influenced by actual and prospective reductions of dividends, and by the exceedingly bad conditions of railroad earnings. It is easy, however, to attribute the revived confidence of the market to the improving conditions which have appeared in the trade, and particularly to the recent advances in the values of commodities and agricultural products.

IRON TRADE REVIEW.

Advance in Coke Workers' Wages Cuts a Figure.

Cleveland, O., March 21.—The Iron Trade Review this week will say: The important events of the week to the iron trade have been the announcement of an advance in coke workers' wages with a prompt strengthening of the market for bessemer pig, and the beginning of negotiations, that in all probability will result in sales of Lake Superior ores before the close of the month. No announcement of coke prices has been made as yet, but the fact that in a few cases April coke was contracted for a short time ago on the basis of two cents advance over existing prices for every cent advance in mining, leads to the belief that the advance will be very close to 25 cents. Some operators, however, have been asking a three to one ratio in providing against a wage advance. This would mean an additional 25 cents on a ton of coke. Furnace men have covered in part on sales of bessemer pig for delivery after April 1, by accumulating coke at the low prices prevailing, and at most valley furnaces, moreover there are goodly stocks of bessemer iron. The bessemer pig iron market responded promptly to the announcement concerning coke.

Reports of the Rice Crop.

Savannah, Ga., March 25.—Reports from the rice planters of the Savannah district show that the acreage planted will be fully as great as that of last year and probably greater. In 1894 the acreage was reduced. Considerable rice is now being shipped from this port to England, a new departure in the trade.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Toledo, O., March 26, 1895.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	March 26.	March 19.
U. S. new 4's, coupons	120¾	120¾
U. S. new 4's, regst'd	120¾	120¾
U. S. 5's, coupons	115	115¼
U. S. 5's, registered	115	115¼
U. S. 4's, coupons	112¼	112¼
U. S. 4's, registered	111¾	111¾
U. S. 2's, registered	95	95
Pacific 6's of '95	100	100

Condition of the Grain Markets at the Close To-Day.

There was a firm tone to wheat at the opening to-day, on dry weather reports and higher cables. There was liberal realizing on the slight advance, and this, with good sized Northwestern receipts, caused a reaction. The showing of Bradstreet's was a surprise, but the effect was not great. Toward the close there was considerable weakness. Last transactions indicated a trifle better feeling.

Bradstreet's shows decrease of wheat East, 1,596,000 bushels; West, 556,000 bushels; or a total of 2,152,000 bushels. European decrease, 672,000 bushels.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 80,123 bushels; flour, 35,338 barrels; or wheat and flour as wheat, 289,101 bushels.

Receipts in the Northwest, 154,972 bushels, with 331 cars on track; on track same day last year, 305 cars.

Liverpool wheat firm, moderate demand and unchanged; futures steady, and 1-2d higher. Paris wheat unchanged to five centimes higher.

Baltic and sundry ports, shipments for the week, 2,600,000 bushels.

Mr. J. C. Moon, of the firm of J. A. Moon & Bro., Pittsburg, Pa., dealers in grain, hay, etc., was a visitor at the Produce Exchange to-day, as was also Mr. Lumbard, of the same place.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 472,000 bushels, of which 416,000 bushels went to the United Kingdom and 56,000 bushels to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1894 were 180,000 bushels. The total shipments since April 1 were 12,876,000 bushels, of which 9,820,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 2,956,000 bushels to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 22,048,000 bushels, of which 13,436,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 8,612,000 bushels to the Continent.

Prices of wheat to-day:

March.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	....	....	....	n56¼
Chicago	....	....	....	n53¾
May—				
Toledo	58	58	57	57¼